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THE WRECK OF THE "CONEMAUGH"

T. JENKINS HAINS

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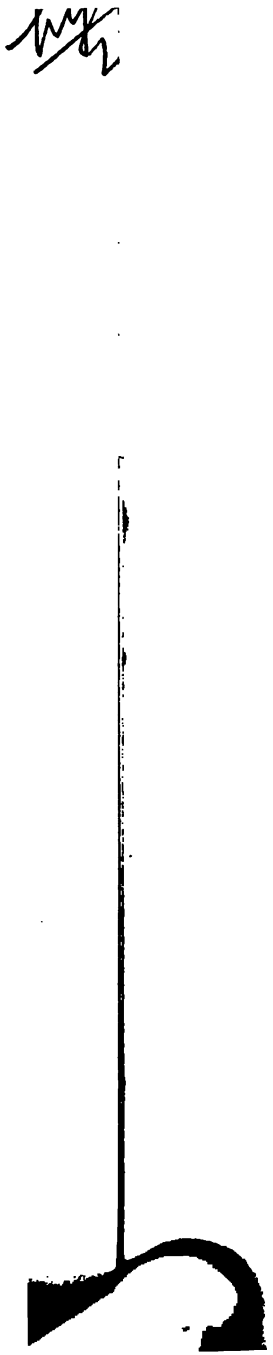
THE WRECK OF THE "CONEMAUGH"



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THE WRECK OF THE CONEMAUGH

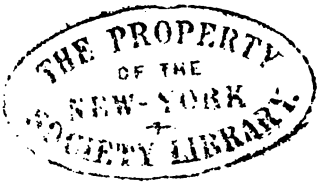
BEING A RECORD OF SOME EVENTS SET DOWN FROM THE NOTES OF AN ENGLISH BARONET DURING THE AMERICAN WAR WITH SPAIN

BY

T. JENKINS HAINS

AUTHOR OF

"THE WIND-JAMMERS," "CAPTAIN GORE'S COURTSHIP," ETC.



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TO

MY WIFE

THE WRECK OF THE "CONEMAUGH"

CHAPTER I.

THE morning after I reached New York was cold. I had arrived during the night on the Montreal Express in company with my cousin, Lord Esterbrook, and we had put up at one of those towering hotels.

I was not particularly anxious to leave my bed, and I lay for a long time thinking over my proposed future. I was twenty-five and a bachelor, and had an unlimited income, but the morning brought no smile to my face as I lay there looking out at the bright sunshine in the crisp, wintry air of the street. It was now early spring, and I had just gone through an unusually bad winter. I was dying slowly of that incurable malady, consumption, and my phy-

sicians, who had prophesied that I could not live another six months, now were peremptory in their orders that I should make a sea-voyage as a last resort to prolong my useless life. I had debated the matter carefully, and had made up my mind that I would rather die at home comfortably than be further inconvenienced by trying any such absurd treatment; but as my cousin, John Esterbrook, had pleaded with me to such an extent that he had even offered to accompany me, I had weakened, wavered, and finally agreed to make the trip to Melbourne on one of the first large clippers we could reach. So here the morning found us in the great American city, all ready to take passage on the four-masted English bark, "Golden Arrow," for Australia.

My thoughts were rather bitter as I lay there thinking over the useless twenty-five years of my life, and memory, that treacherous friend, had begun to add some fresh venom to them. I gazed at my trunk and thought of a photograph it contained, and as I did so my throat swelled and I cursed silently for many minutes. "Oublier." I

must learn the meaning of that word; but, well, a man has other than physical weaknesses at twenty-five. If there is a just God, he will forgive a man his curses when, as in my case, he sees his life and hope slipping swiftly and surely away from him, and all through no fault of his own. My eyes must have been red when my man entered and inquired my wants, for he looked sharply at me.

"William," said I, "damn you for a meddling fool. Pour me out a drink of brandy, and be quick about it." Then I gulped it down, swallowed my memory with the liquor, and arose. I stood upon the cold carpet for several moments to the great amazement of William, but as the liquor warmed my wasted frame I felt some of my old strength come back to me, and I was a man again.

It was best to face the inevitable with a silence due the dignity of my birth and position, and even if I could not feel the subdued spirit of religious resignation upon me as I had been told by the cardinal I should, I would at least make a stand against fate

for the sake of my family and friends, and hold out as long as my weakened physical condition would admit. But this is garrulous.

"William," said I, "you are a scoundrel. Pour me out another small drink of brandy and leave the room."

Then I felt better and looked about me. Through the open door of the adjoining room I could hear the peaceful snore of my Lord John Esterbrook, and I looked in. There he lay, a healthy specimen of English manhood, sleeping like an infant. This aroused my ire again. The confounded impudence of a man enjoying sleep was more than I could stand, and I looked about me for some instrument of torture to awaken him. There was none, but as my eye wandered about the room my gaze fell upon a coil of rope. What could it mean? Was it expected that a man should hang himself on awakening in this land of the free? But, no; that was hardly in keeping with a progressive country where they switch off a man into eternity by a turn of an electric bar. Then it dawned upon me that it might

be there to save life rather than destroy it, and a moment's investigation proved my surmise correct. It was a fire-escape.

I went to the window and carefully raised the sash. Then I lowered the rope into populous Broadway and went back to my room to dress.

When I had partly accomplished this, I went to the window again, and was amazed at the great crowd of people who had gathered about the end of the dangling rope. They gave a cry on seeing me in my shirt; but as I knew a lord always created more or less excitement in a free country where it is everybody's desire to be as much like one as possible, I hastily withdrew to my own chamber. I had hardly entered, when I heard a rush of feet in the passage outside my apartment, and the next instant my door was burst open without ceremony, and several excited employees of the hoted plunged headlong into the room.

"Where is it? where is it?" they cried, panting for breath.

"Where is what?" I exclaimed, with that dignity which has on more than one occasion

stricken William dumb. "If you refer to Lord Esterbrook," I continued, with coldness, "I assure you that you are damned impudent to allude to him as 'it.' He is in the next room, and cannot be disturbed." Here I pulled my shirt over my head and proceeded to dress.

"The fire, man. The fire," they all roared in excited tones that left no doubt as to their sincerity, and, as I looked again, I beheld the passage-way filled with excited faces.

"What is the escape hanging out of the window for?" demanded the head clerk in a loud tone that awakened Lord John and brought him to a sitting posture in his bed.

"There is no fire that I know of," I replied; "and if you allude to the reason for that rope hanging out of the window, I will say that my lord is of a timorous nature and cannot sleep without necessary precautions——"

"You infernal liar," growled Esterbrook in a sleepy tone. "You——"

"Precautions to aid him to escape. He is really a great coward," I continued in a loud tone. "But his position entitles him

to some consideration, so please leave me to my toilet. Go!"

"Hold on there! What d'you mean by that?" cried Lord John, getting out of bed.

"Please leave me," I continued, with dignity, and the menials withdrew, muttering.

"Just like one of them poor, good-for-nothing aristocrats. They ain't got no sand, an' they're only good fer ter make dudes," said one in a tone distinctly audible.

My Lord John Esterbrook was now awake in earnest, and came into my room in no meek frame of mind.

"Tom, you are a dying devil," said he, with some asperity.

"My Lord, you are a superbly healthy English gentleman, and I wish you a most pleasant good-morning," said I, with great humility, as I finished dressing.

"You will certainly go to hell, for there is no truth in you," said he.

"I could wish for no better fate, provided I should remain in your excellent company. —William, pull in that confounded rope, and give me my hat and stick.—I will await below for you to breakfast."

And I started forth to investigate the mysteries of the tall building, accompanied by my valet.

Half an hour later, my Lord John and I were finishing an excellent meal and debating how we would proceed to the docks and arrange the final preliminaries for our passage.

We started off alone in a cab, leaving William and my physician, an estimable young man by the name of Jones, to follow in the street-car as soon as convenient.

Lord Esterbrook was determined to get me to sea in short order. I could tell that by the nervous energy displayed in his movements, and I resented this interestedness in every way I could.

I will say, here, that John and I had been chums since infancy. He was four years my senior, but that made no difference in our confidences. He had thrashed me at school, but was always ready to thrash any one else who might desire to attempt it, and his feeling of protector in my boyhood had developed, instead of lessened, as we had grown older. Not that I needed protection, for I have always had a clear idea that I could

shift for myself without any great discomforts, but as my health failed slowly and surely, until I could hardly walk half a mile, John's big heart seemed to grow bigger with pity. This led to many assaults upon his good nature, for I could stand anything but sympathy. He, however, set down my ill-temper to the ravages of my disease, and drew all the closer to me. Then I found it was no use, and succumbed to the boredom of his society as best I might. My mother was his favorite aunt, and they had cooked up this affair of a sea-voyage between them, leaving me no peace until I submitted to their wishes. They had even taken the trouble to engage the services of Dr. Jones, the young man who had just graduated from Edinburgh, so I would not lack medical treatment on the voyage, if necessary.

In an hour we were near the shipping, and my interest began to centre upon the forest of masts and rigging along the docks. Suddenly our cabby turned sharply down a long pier and drew up alongside of a great ship which was being loaded. Lord Esterbrook stepped out of the cab and I followed, and

together we made our way toward the gangplank of the great vessel.

I was so interested in watching the stevedores and longshoremen loading the cargo, I did not notice that we were ready to mount the plank until I almost stumbled over it. Then I looked up and saw an extremely ill-looking personage grinning pleasantly at us from the gangway, showing the tobacco-stained teeth in the front of his mouth to great advantage.

"Is your captain on board?" asked Lord Esterbrook in a voice of authority. John never failed to nip all pleasant familiarity in the bud.

"He is, sir. Who shall I say has the honor of gazing at him?" and he pointed with a wave of his hand at a small man who walked to and fro on the bridge, and who gave orders with curses and gestures that betokened a well-defined appreciation of his position. His voice was shrill and rose high above the creaking of blocks and the puffing of donkey-engines hoisting cargo, and the man with the smile appeared to admire him greatly as he directed our gaze to him.

"You tell him that Lord Esterbrook has arrived with his party, and that we are waiting here."

"The skipper never sees visitors while he's on the bridge, sir. Them is his orders."

"Confound his orders. Tell him I am here and waiting to see him. Damn your impudence. Go!"

The fellow gave a squint and hitched up his belt. Then he shuffled awkwardly toward the high poop-deck and halted directly under the man on the narrow bridge above him.

"The lord wants to see you, sir," said he.

The man on the bridge stopped in his walk to and fro and stared hard at the mate below him. Then he spoke.

"D'ye mean to joke me, or have I got a fool of a mate who hasn't any more sense than to tell me the Lord wants me," he said in an even tone. "Is it so that a shad-bellied son of a sea-cook, a burgoo-eating, all-around, chain-shackled, bow-legged mate takes the office of the angel Gabriel upon himself and comes to summon me before the Lord? Speak up! Don't stand there

grinning at me, or I'll jump down your throat!" he roared, as his anger waxed higher.

"There he is," said the mate, pointing toward us. "He is a real lord; so he says, and has come to take passage with us to Melbourne."

"May the devil sink you for a liar, you swivel-eyed shell-back. Where is the Lord? Had you said the Devil, there might have been some truth to your gabble:—that man standing at the gangway? Well, I haven't time to see him now. Show him down below, and tell him the fare is fifty pounds—cash down." So saying the skipper resumed his walk to and fro on the bridge, stopping every now and then to bawl out orders to the men loading through the after-hatch just beneath him.

"Confound his impudence!" said Lord John. "I guess it is a good thing we haven't paid our passage in advance. I would hardly care to be shipmates with that fellow for several months."

The mate came up and offered to show us the after-cabin, but my cousin was so dis-

gusted at the skipper's conduct that he declined this privilege with some feeling.

"Come, there are plenty of fine vessels going out this week, and we will have no difficulty in finding a more congenial captain," said he, and we went back to our cab and entered.

"Drive over to that large ship in the second dock," I said to the cabby. "She is an American; but what's the difference?"

He looked at me for a moment while Lord Esterbrook seated himself.

"There's pretty considerable difference, if you think of going aboard," said he. And then as I entered he turned the vehicle and was off. In a moment we were at the gangway of the "Conemaugh."

She was a large wooden ship, heavily sparred, and with a long, sharp, clipper bow surmounted by a figure of a woman. The paint-work was bright wherever we looked, giving the impression of cleanliness, so we started for the gang-plank to go on board.

"Good-morning!" roared a voice from somewhere on deck. There was little work going on at the hatches, and only a few men

were visible, and they were all forward. Lord John stopped and looked up at the poop, and as he did so a tall, lean man stepped from behind the mizzen-mast and came into view. His face was bearded, but I noticed he had a firm mouth with large, white teeth. His eyes were bright and deep-set, and his nose large and hawk-like.

"Good-morning. Come aboard. I thought you was them billy-cops coming down to pay me a visit for an affair I had with my quarter-master last voyage. But no matter; it's all right now. It don't take half a man to see you gents are not of that breed. Come aboard." And he advanced to meet us, smiling and holding out his hand. "Enoch Moss, sir. Yes, sir; that's my name, sir. Enoch Moss, of Boston; and if you never heard of me before it goes to show that you don't know no more about vessels what sail deep water than so many farmers."

His voice was stentorian, and as I looked into his hard-lined face I wished I possessed it,—not the face, but his deep voice. What wouldn't I give for those lungs? If that

was due to the sea-air, I would remain at sea for years. In spite of the man's familiarity and uncouthness, there was something about him that interested me, and I was glad to see my cousin take the proffered hand for ever so short an instant.

"Yes, sir, I'm Enoch Moss, skipper of this here hooker, and if you can find a better one around these docks, I'll give her to you. You say you are Mr. ——"

"No, I didn't say I was Mr. Anybody," said Lord John. "I am an English gentleman, and I am hunting for a vessel for myself and friend to take a voyage in."

Captain Enoch Moss's face was a study for several moments, and he glanced sharply at us from the clew of his eye.

"Does it make any difference where you want to go?" he asked, slowly.

"No; so long as we have a pleasant voyage and have things pretty comfortable. My friend, here, is an invalid, and wished to take a sea-voyage well off-shore. He will be attended by a physician and myself. That is all in the party."

"Humph!" said Enoch Moss.

I looked about me, and was much taken with the way the deck was kept in order, and I ventured,—

"This vessel would do if matters could be arranged suitably, and, if you like, we will talk it over."

Captain Moss glanced about us quickly. There was no one looking.

"Come this way," he said, and led the way below into the cabin.

He shut the door carefully after him, and then went to the bulkhead separating the main saloon from the forward cabin. Opening the door between, he glanced sharply about the room and then returned to us.

"Let her rip; I'm ready," said he.

"Well, I am Lord Esterbrook, and this is my cousin, Sir ——"

"Hold on!" commanded Enoch Moss, in a tone so deep and strong that I thought I saw John wince. "Hold on; if you are going to play that game, we might as well quit right here. There's only one Lord that I ever knowed,—the next in command here is me, Enoch Moss, sir, from Boston. I don't want to hurt you gents' feelings, but

you will have to come out with it fair and square afore I help you. If you ain't committed nothing more than a decent scrimmage what any man might get into, I'll stand by you and help you away for a fair and square deal. If there is any reward for you, you will have to lay low for some time, as I don't go to sea for several days. Come out with it, and I'll do the best I can for you, but don't try to fool Enoch Moss, of the 'Conemaugh.' It's been tried before, and I don't call to mind that there was any success a-following it."

I burst out laughing at my cousin's face. He looked steadily at the Yankee skipper, and at first I feared some dangerous outburst, so set and stern was his look. At my mirth, however, he appeared to relax, and he answered in an easy manner that quite satisfied me that we had found our vessel.

"Come with me, Captain Moss, to the shipping office of Sir Roger Cameron, and I will set at rest your doubts. Your impulse was good, and I believe we will get along together well enough, although you are somewhat lacking in discernment."

"That is as may be," said Enoch Moss; "but as to going to the shipping house of the Camerons, nothing would suit me better. I wish us both all manner of luck, and just to show there is no hard feeling between us, let's stow a little water ballast and sweeten our bilge," and he went to his state-room and returned instantly with a large bottle of whiskey.

"Say when," he roared, grinning at me and filling up a glass. "When!" and the glass went around.

In a few moments we were all in the cab on our way to the well-known firm for identification. I did not even think to ask Captain Moss where his vessel was bound until we had started, but he told us as we went along that she was for China, and we were quite satisfied. Half an hour later we had Enoch Moss satisfied as to our morals, and we left him somewhat pleased and somewhat disappointed just outside the door of the large shipping house.

"There's going to be a meeting aboard in a day or two between a few friends of mine to do some little trading," said he; "but you

might as well come aboard and fix up in the cabin. These fellows are all going to sail about the same time for the East, and we'll probably have some of them in company clear around the Cape."

And we bade him good-by for the present, promising to be on hand at least a day or two before the "Conemaugh" sailed.

CHAPTER II.

ON our way home I felt much at ease. The case was disposed of, and now I must accept the inevitable. I gazed out of the cab-window and began to ponder whether I really was in the great American city. My doubts were not at all allayed by the signs on the streets, for all along Fifth Avenue were signs surmounted by English crests, or what appeared to be such, and the names were evidently there for the purpose of making one think that they were doing shopping in London. Even the hotels appeared to vie with each other in keeping up the deception. There was the Brunswick, with its coat of arms; the Victoria, similarly adorned; the Windsor, with its antlered crest even painted on the carriages and cabs at its doors; altogether I began to feel quite at home, and was certain of considerable hospitality in store for men whose country was recognized to be superior to all others.

As for Esterbrook, he smiled at each familiar name and sign and appeared to take each token of esteem as personal flattery

"It's all very well, Tom," said he, "for these Americans to make fun of our customs, but they really think more of them than they do of their own. They are all true Britons at heart. Why, man alive, every policeman I have seen during this whole drive is a subject of the Queen."

"I suppose, then, you will not mind accepting some little hospitality, if any is offered us?" said I.

"Not in the least," answered Lord John.

We arrived at our hotel, and, as I now felt like a condemned prisoner with only a short respite for liberty, I determined to make the most of it and meet a few people and enjoy myself.

Lord John retired to his room, for he hated the prominence usually accorded English gentlemen of station in public places.

I wandered through the magnificent rooms on the lower floor and admired greatly the handsome paintings and tapestries on the

walls. In a little while I tired of this, and sat in a corner upon a soft-cushioned divan, overhung with silk draperies.

There were very few people about, when I sat comfortably back into the cushions, and I thought I should have a chance to see much of what life appeared without being noticed.

Soon I was aware of an elderly woman regarding me seriously from the opposite side of the room. She did not look squarely at me in a brazen way, but every time I looked in her direction I was aware of her eyes moving from my gaze.

I dread old women. They haunt me in my disturbed dreams. An aged and indignant old lady recounting the many evident evils of her bosom friends is the sort of nightmare that has helped to break down my weakened frame. Of course, I don't mean to make the sweeping assertion that all old women do such things. There are doubtless many I have not met who don't.

I arose from the comfortable cushions of the divan and attempted to make a flank retreat through the side door.

As I strolled down the corridor, I was somewhat astonished to meet the intended enemy issuing from a door at the end of the room.

She appeared to be going in the same direction that I was heading, so I slowed my step to allow her to gain an advantage. Almost instantly she dropped her handkerchief in front of me, and stooped, quickly, to pick it up. In doing so she dropped her pocket-book, and, with a wearied air, was about to bend her ancient spine to recover it, also. But I saw it was of no use, so I boldly faced the inevitable and rescued it for her. The gracious smile and polite "thank you," with which she rewarded my attentions, threw me completely off my guard, and the next instant we had a speaking acquaintance.

I accompanied her to the door of the lift, and she chatted volubly about the hotel and its inhabitants as we went.

"Do you know," said she, "I am half-minded to take you for an Englishman; you look so much like my cousin, Sir Richard Bevil." And she gave me a most friendly look as she turned at the door.

"What a mind-reader you must be," I answered, laughing. "How in the world could you guess that?"

"Oh, you are the perfect image of the Duke of Warwick, Sir Richard's cousin, whom I met last year at Ascot. I see now what made me see the resemblance to my cousin. Thank you so much." And I bowed low as the lift whisked her away to the regions above.

I walked back toward the office, cursing quietly at the woman's stupidity, and there I met the affable clerk who had burst into my room earlier in the day.

"Who is that fascinating old lady I just accompanied to the lift?" I asked.

"Mrs. Jacquin," he answered, and, as my eyes expressed no intelligence, he continued. "She is a Van Somebody,—one of the four hundred, you know,—she was just asking me who you were,—quite a coincidence, wasn't it? She is going to have a meeting to-night of some society,—Dutch Dames, I think it is called. It's one of the swellest affairs in town. I'm sorry she didn't appear to know anything about you, for you could

have passed a pleasant evening. That is her daughter just going out now."

I looked in the direction he indicated, and beheld a vision of a handsome gown which was disappearing through the main street entrance.

"Thank you," I said, and walked to the window of the drawing-room in time to see a woman whose face struck me as the sweetest I had ever seen,—well, say, excepting six. She carried that gown like a queen, and,—well, twenty minutes later I had forgotten all about her while sipping my afternoon cocktail, which drink I had learned to appreciate as thoroughly as any true-born American.

However, when William made his appearance a little later, I said to him, "You may fix my evening clothes a little more carefully, as I will be invited to some particularly important function to-night."

After which I don't remember doing anything worth recording, and was probably lost in my sombre thoughts until dinner-time.

When I went into my room to dress, I

was not at all astonished to find the expected invitation from Mrs. Jacquin. It was a delicately-scented and worded missive, telling of her intimate acquaintance with some relatives of mine and Lord Esterbrook's, and apologizing for the lack of a formal introduction, which, owing to the lateness of the season in town, would be excused, and finally ending with the request that we honor her reception that evening with our company.

I showed the note to my cousin, and John swore furiously. Then I reminded him of his promise in the morning, and pleaded my *ennui* with such effect that he finally consented to go with me. We dined alone at the *table-d'hôte*, Lord John being much engrossed with the necessary preparations for our voyage, and afterwards we strolled about the streets to see what sights we might, and give my cousin the exercise he so much needed. Finally, the hour approached for the reception, and we returned to meet the Dutch Dames.

Mrs. Jacquin was on the lookout for us, and had evidently expected our appearance for some little time, for the manner in which

we were received would have satisfied the most exacting monarch who ever insisted on kingly deference.

Miss Jacquin was standing next to her mother, and we were introduced as formally as if we had been her next in kin.

Lord John, as I said, hates this sort of thing, and was a little stiff in his manner; but he took the whole thing good-naturedly, and was almost instantly carried off by Madame to the tea-room. Of course, Miss Jacquin was the prettiest girl I had ever seen; otherwise there would be little use of writing down any of the many incidents that afterwards so concerned her. There are few women who reach the age of discretion who have not had something happen to them, and, if some of them were not prettier or more interesting than others, their affairs would be most commonplace.

But enough of this. The girl was about twenty-two, and together with her beauty she had that keen insight to human nature which often distinguishes the American. In many, this brightness tends to make the woman vulgar in conversation, but often it

does not, and when it doesn't it makes her the most perfect creature in the world.

That was about my idea of Miss Jacquin as she led me to a group of those Dutch Dames and introduced me. After that she left me, and I passed a bad quarter of an hour playing the English Lion to a lot of old women whom I sincerely hope never to see again. I cannot call to mind one word of the conversation, nor would I care to if I could, but I remember I was very glad when my young hostess rescued me, for I had visions of Lord John in a temper to top off the evening's boredom. It was probable he had passed as interesting an evening as I had.

"It is not my fault that these evenings are so wildly gay," said Miss Jacquin, as we walked off together. "They are mamma's affairs, and you could not expect such noble creatures as the Dutch Dames to stoop to anything interesting or even intellectual."

"You are not then quite like your mother in——"

"Oh, no; probably like some cousin of yours, *n'est ce pas?*" she interrupted, smiling

sweetly. "Pardon me, Sir Thomas, for thinking you not original. My mother is old, and has a right to be silly in some matters; but you are not old."

"On my word, I had forgotten," I stammered, laughing.

"Thank you for being so candid," she said, good-naturedly, and five minutes later she was absolutely in my confidence and listening to my narration of the preliminaries to our intended voyage.

"But, heavens! You don't mean to say you are going to sea on one of those horrid sailing-ships," she cried, after I had confessed.

"I most certainly do," I answered.

"How unfortunate! I am to sail within a month on our yacht, the 'Sentinel,' and we expected to do Australia on the voyage out."

"But I am not going for pleasure," I answered; "and I thank you for the hint."

"Oh, it was not an invitation."

"No matter; I should have had to decline it if it were."

"And why, pray?" she said, becoming suddenly serious.

Then, before I knew it, I was telling this young girl the story of my sickness, and she was listening as though she really cared to hear. When I was through I felt like kicking myself, for of all bad men I loathe the chronic complainer most. But the idea of me, the cousin of the conservative Lord Esterbrook, telling a stranger my ailments! It was too much; and when I realized what I had done, I wondered if, after all, I did not resemble the cousin of Mrs. Jacquin to whom she alluded in the morning. I saw Lord John coming toward us with our hostess, and I wondered vaguely whether he would set down my eccentricity to genius or disease. He looked very large and red-faced, and his blond moustache was curled uncommonly fierce.

"Your cousin is not invalided also?" spoke a soft voice close to my side.

"He is said to have received a shock at the death of his grandfather from which he has apparently recovered," I answered, with some show of irony; "but appearances are often deceptive."

"Forgive me," she said, simply; "I was

not joking. I had no visible means of knowing you were not as well as he."

"Then I do," I answered; "for your eyes are—well, as bright and apparently as good as most, so I accept your compliment. He is a remarkably good-looking man." And I arose.

"A pleasant voyage to you," she said, holding out her hand. "We will see you again before you start?"

"My most ardent wish," I answered, as Lord Esterbrook and our hostess joined us. Then, after a few commonplace remarks, my cousin and I bade the Dutch Dames farewell, and left them to their own pious and dignified amusements.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day William was busy packing our few purchases for the voyage, and we left him with a message to Dr. Jones, telling that young savant to be ready to sail at a few hours' notice. William's smooth face and red head had been much in evidence during this morning, and it did me good to see how the fellow worked. No man I ever met is quite as polite as William. He is all that is good and nothing that is bad of a London cockney, and if I appear as a hero before his eyes it is simply because he has been a perfect valet to me, and dares not look upon me as anything else. I dearly love to see a servant busily engaged in anything, so it was with some little reluctance Lord Esterbrook dragged me off to the shipping.

As we went along I remembered that it was the day Captain Enoch Moss was to have a meeting on board, and my hopes rose with

the expectation of meeting some new characters among the Yankee skippers.

Lord John was somewhat sullen from the effects of the night before, vowing that I had monopolized the society of the only interesting person among the Dutch Dames. This I knew was correct, but was astonished at his unusual discernment. Few women appeared interesting to Lord John. There was little said, therefore, on the way, and when we approached the "Conemaugh" we were as quiet as two priests. No one appeared at the gangway to greet us, and the men forward paid no attention to us as we went on board.

I looked down the companion-way of the after-cabin and saw several nautical-looking individuals sitting around the cabin-table. Enoch Moss was talking at the moment, and he was answered by a huge man whose voice rose to a deep bass roar.

Captain Moss then saw us, and before Lord Esterbrook could beat a retreat he had sprung up the companion-way and was bawling out our names to the skippers below. They acknowledged the introduction,

but, as they appeared to be somewhat embarrassed at our presence, we insisted on remaining on deck. Enoch Moss soon left us and returned to his friends, leaving his mate, a huge Irishman, with a freckled, hairless face, to guard the gangway against further interruption. We sat in the sunshine on the edge of the cabin skylight, taking in the new scenes before us, while below, in the cabin, we could see the captains grouped around the table and hear most of their conversation without being noticed.

The skipper with the deep bass voice, whose name was Captain Belcher, spoke to Captain North, a long, thin Yankee, who appeared to be the principal owner in the "Conemaugh." I couldn't hear at first what the long captain said in reply, but his manner was so stiff and dignified, and he stroked his long black beard with such composure, that I was anxious to hear him better. The other skipper was a Captain West, and he appeared to agree to everything that was said, for he nodded his head and smiled continuously.

I left Lord John in conversation with the

mate and went to the after-end of the skylight, and leaned over to get a better view of affairs below and also hear the discussion.

"Seems to me the best thing we can do is to get together and organize," said Captain Belcher. "Yessir; get and organize together, and then we might be able to do some business. What d'ye say, Cap'n Moss?"

Captain Moss pushed his chair away from the table, tilted it backward on its hind legs, shoved his hands into his trousers's pockets, and gazed thoughtfully at the bare table before him for the interval of a full minute. Captain Belcher's face wore an expression of deep cunning about the eyes, but his bushy beard hid the corners of his mouth as he glanced quickly at Captain North.

"I say," began Enoch Moss, slowly, "that as Captain North and Captain West own the 'Conemaugh,' the matter will—er—bear some discussion; and I see no reason why we can't discuss it along with some whiskey and water——"

"Why should a man drink or discuss whiskey and water," drawled Captain West

in a pious tone, leering at Captain Moss, "when he can——"

"Why, indeed," snapped Captain North, nodding approvingly at him.

"When," continued Captain West, "he can discuss the whiskey without any water, and just as much of it, for the same price."

Captain North scowled at this and stroked his puritanical beard nervously, but said nothing in reply. This allowed Captain West to gain courage

"It puts me in mind——" he began.

"No, it don't," roared Captain Belcher. "It don't put you in mind of anything. No, sir; you can't pull off a yarn in this crowd just now. Put a watch-tackle on your bazoo. If you are willing to organize, speak out. Let's hear you. What is it?"

"It puts me in——"

"I say it don't," thundered Belcher. "I ain't a-goin' to argue the case, but I say it don't. If it does, I'll stop it, s' help me——"

"If I may say it," interrupted Captain Enoch Moss, "speaking as man to man, and nothing held back, I have no doubt that

Captain West's memory easily outruns his imagination, and I, for one, would like to hear what the deuce the thing puts him in mind of. I ain't curious, but all experience is useful Yessir, remember that. All experience is useful. I say it again. So, that being the case, I've no doubt at all that that thing which puts him in mind of something else, coupled with that something else, and told about in his own words, will be interesting from a proper stand-point and instructive."

"Are we a-goin' to organize or no?" roared Belcher.

Captain North stroked his long beard nervously and looked from one skipper to another. Then he smiled blandly, and assuming a mildly patronizing air remarked:

"I think we might find out just what Belcher means. I, for one, don't care to organize any illicit——"

"You won't?" growled Belcher, glaring at him fiercely. "All right, sir, then you needn't, by damn, sir, and this chance to make a fortune by simply carrying a cargo of rifles is off. I thought you had some

patriotism, sir. Yessir, I thought you had some feeling for the cause of freedom, but you haven't. No, sir, you haven't. You could charter this ship in a good cause, and help some of them poor devils fighting for their liberty, but you won't, sir. No, sir, you won't. You are a confounded——"

"Hold on!" said Enoch Moss.

"I think," said Captain North, wincing under the great skipper's fierce glare, "that we might ask him if he means to combine. In Boston I've heard of organizing armies, but I've never heard of four men organizing together. If it is to combine our interests, I think it would be a good thing to talk it——"

"You do, heh!" growled Belcher.

"——a good thing," continued North, "to talk it over; but I don't see any use of getting out whiskey and water. I—I want to know."

"You say you do?" drawled Captain West."

"No, I didn't say anything," replied Captain North, quickly, and he held up his hand as if to ward off a narrative.

"You said you wanted to know," said Enoch Moss. "I heard you."

"I say I didn't mean anything. I mean, I didn't say anything."

"Why don't you say what you mean, then," said Belcher, gruffly. "What I want to know is, are we a-goin' to organize or no? Speak out!" And he arose from his chair and grasped his hat and looked at his comrades.

The three captains arose from their chairs and looked at him. Then Belcher clapped his hat on his head and started for the companion-ladder, and three of the captains started after him.

"Hold on!" roared Enoch Moss. And Belcher blocked the companion-way. Captain Moss disappeared in his room for a moment, and returned quickly with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and some glasses in the other.

'I didn't come here for this sort of thing," spoke Captain North, stroking his beard reprovingly; "and if you are going to cut up, I'm going up town. I—I want to know."

"Luff, man, you protest too much," chuckled Captain West.

"What I want to come to," said Belcher, seating himself again at the table, where he was joined by the rest, "is are we a-goin' to organize together and carry the stuff for that dago Cuban. Of course, North owns the biggest shares in this vessel, and controls it, so to speak; but we are willing to stand by and take the responsibility if he gives the word to go ahead. We've all got some interests and are willing to organize together."

"We might combine," suggested Captain North.

"Organize," growled Belcher.

"We'll combine and organize," suggested Enoch Moss.

"Jest so," drawled West.

The whiskey was poured out, and, in spite of Captain North's protestations, he was forced to take a drink.

"Here's to us as we organize," growled Belcher, lifting his glass.

"And may the Cubans of the Spanish Main reap much benefit from this combination of Christian men," said West, piously.

"And give thanks for the generosity of Captain North," said Enoch Moss, solemnly.

"Eggzackly so," drawled West, looking keenly at him.

Then they drained their glasses.

"And now, blast my soul, I feel ready for business," roared Belcher; "my old woman always said the way to a man's heart was through his bilge."

"Which puts me in mind," drawled West, "of a——"

"And now to business," said Belcher, bringing down his fist on the table with a crash, "and let's see what we can do about it."

"As for me," said West, "my shares in the 'Richard the Third' will be enough guarantee for any little business we find. I'm a dead-square open-and-shut man, and all you fellows know it."

"I guess we can pull enough ballast together to cover any risk. Captain North will run in, letting his ship take out the cargo," said Enoch Moss.

"And I've enough,—well, I've enough. I can give security to any one who'll take it," growled Belcher.

"I will tell you men, right now," said

Captain North, impressively, "that I'm not going into any scheme against the law. If we can combine our interests and carry arms without men, I'll go in the thing with you; but if there are going to be men along it's filabustering, and that's dead wrong. I want to know."

Captain West had been busy with the bottle, and while North had been talking he had filled the glasses. He had also helped himself generously, and was feeling pretty well.

"I think you protest considerably," said he, in reply to North.

"Who's a-goin' a filabustering?" snorted Belcher, glaring at him.

"I say we don't want any men along. It's against the law."

"You say you think we don't," said West, dreamily, holding his empty glass at arm's length and staring vacantly at it as if wondering what had become of the contents.

"Devilish certain," grunted Belcher, reaching for the bottle.

"Eggzacly so," droned West.

"If there is any game like that going on,

I think we had better have our agreement drawn up regularly and signed, so each of us can keep a copy," said North.

"I think you protest too much," repeated West, drinking his dram as a period.

"I made no insinuations," said Captain North, with dignity.

"You say you didn't," said West, still staring at his glass.

"I think he is right," growled Belcher, leering at Enoch Moss. "I think it is right to organize according to law. You get the paper, Moss, and we'll sign it, and can get copies made any time according to law. Help yourself, North, old man." And he took the bottle from West and filled up the Boston skipper's glass while Moss brought the paper and ink.

"I never take more than one drink at one sitting, never,—thank you," said North as the glasses were refilled, and he stroked his beard and looked coldly on.

"You say you don't," murmured West, dreamily, without apparently paying any attention to him.

The three skippers held up their glasses

and struck them violently together. "Here's to us!" they cried.

Belcher glanced at North. "Hold on!" he roared. "What's the matter here? Ain't we good enough to drink with?"

"It isn't that," said North, nervously stroking his beard and looking at each in turn. "It isn't that. I—I want to know."

"Then, all I got to say is that you are a damned——"

Captain Moss smote Belcher a rousing slap on the back before he could finish. "Hold on!" he cried; "let me have my say."

"What d'ye mean by hitting me?" bellowed Belcher, turning savagely upon him.

"I mean," roared Enoch Moss, in stentorian tones, "that I want to ask Captain North, as between man and man, and—and honest Christians, if he won't take a drink with us? We've only had six or eight, and if he won't, we might as well break up this meeting right now."

"Well, you needn't hit me!" thundered Belcher, half rising. "I mean to say that he is a—stop that——"

But Captain Moss had snatched the glass of whiskey from Belcher's hand and held it toward Captain North.

"I mean to say, if he won't drink he is no Christian man!" he bawled.

"There now," droned West, turning full upon him.

Belcher snorted like a grampus and glared savagely at North.

Captain North looked calmly from one to the other, but, seeing himself hedged in with a row of fierce, sunburnt faces, he began to weaken.

"I don't want to break up the meeting," said he, nervously stroking his beard; "and if Belcher is going to make so much fuss about it, I'll drink for peace' sake." And he took the proffered glass.

"Er—r—rrrh," growled Belcher.

"Eggzacly so," droned West.

"Now you take North's glass; and here's to us," said Moss, pushing the bottle toward Belcher. The big skipper filled it to the top, and then filled the others while they watched him.

"Like pouring water down a rat-hole,"

said Enoch Moss, as his whiskey-bottle grew lighter.

"Eggzacly," droned West.

"Here goes," said Belcher. And they drank again.

Paper and ink being at hand, Captain Moss squared his elbows upon the table and proceeded to draw up an agreement by which all would contribute a certain amount of capital and assume a certain amount of responsibility in a deal with some Cubans. Just what the agreement was I, of course, could not see or hear; but, as there was no mention of men and arms in connection with each other, I had every reason to believe that it was satisfactory to Captain North.

"We organize this said company as four gentlemen, and do so of our own free wills, which is for carrying on trade with the West Indies," wrote Belcher at the end of the agreement, and he spelled each of these words aloud as he wrote them.

"Can't you change that a little?" asked North, meekly.

"What's the matter with it?" growled Belcher.

"Why, you say that we organize as gentlemen, of our own free will, which is for carrying on trade with the West Indies. Now what do you mean by 'which'? Is it our own free wills which are for the island trade, or as gentlemen, or this—this said company?"

"Both, man, both!" roared Belcher. "Can't you understand plain English. It's dead simple. A man can be a gentleman and carry on trade of his own free will."

"Of course," assented West. "He protests too much."

"Would you do it against your own free will?" asked Enoch Moss with some show of sarcasm.

"All the same, I think we ought to consult a lawyer and ask his opinion of the case," said North.

Three roars of disgust greeted this remark, and Belcher threw down the pen and swore terribly for half a minute.

"Opinion be damned!" he bellowed.

"Eggzackly," bawled West.

"Hold on, let me get at him," snorted Enoch Moss. "I'll agree to anything in

reason, but what's a lawyer's opinion good for about the island trade? What's any opinion good for, when—when we have got ours and intend to keep it? What's the use of an opinion, I say, and if you tell me that I'll agree to it? What is your opinion of the South Sea, sir? Yes, sir, what is your opinion of the South Sea, sir,—right in the middle? What is your opinion of the Sea, sir, right in the middle? Answer me that."

"Aye, aye, sir, that's it. What is your opinion of the South Pole?" cried West.

"Answer that!" thundered Belcher, leaning forward and glaring at him fiercely.

"My opinion is—er, well, my opinion is that—er——"

"What is it?" thundered Belcher, getting red in the face.

Captain North hesitated. It appeared to him that he must have time to consider such a momentous question, and the only way to gain time was by strategy. He therefore raised his glass slowly to his lips without regarding its contents, and drank half of the raw spirit. It gave him no new idea, how-

ever, and when he set the remainder upon the table, he saw three sunburned faces regarding him with looks of intense expectation. So he slowly raised the glass again and drank the rest in sheer self-defence. He was now getting desperate, and the fiery spirit gave him courage. Then he turned suddenly upon Belcher. "My opinion is," said he, "that the South Sea,—that is, the South Pole,—my opinion is, that if you are afraid to sign that paper," here he looked Belcher straight in the eyes, "afraid to sign it, I say, give me the pen, and I'll head it myself."

"That's it," cried West; "if you are afraid to sign the paper, Belcher, give him the pen and let him sign it. Hic, yesh, let 'im sign't."

"Who's afraid? What's that got to do with it?" growled Belcher.

"Let him sign't. He 'tests too much, hic," said West, filling North's glass while he signed the paper.

"Now me," said Belcher, taking the pen and writing his name in large letters beneath his comrade's.

"Me nex-cht," said West, and he signed steadily enough, though he was shaky in speech.

"And I'll keep it, and have it sworn to, and then have copies made," said Enoch Moss. "Now, here's health to the company," and he held aloft his glass.

Captain North raised his glass, his flushed face and shining eyes telling plainly of the effect of the liquor he had already taken. "Let 'er go," he cried. "Let 'er go ter the company."

And they drank again.

Captain West suddenly looked about him wildly, swayed in his chair, and then slipped forward under the table, and brought up helpless with his head jammed down upon his breast and his eyes just level with the edge of the board.

Captain North stroked his beard and gazed placidly at him.

"Have another?" said Belcher, holding the second nearly empty bottle toward North.

"Don't keer if I do," said he, and the three drank together, while West looked on dreamily over the edge of the table.

"You 'test too much-tt," said he.

Captain North's hand no longer stroked his beard. He leaned back in his chair and a most peaceful expression settled upon his narrow, hard-featured face. Not a wrinkle showed in his high forehead. Belcher and Moss divided the remaining contents of the bottle and then lit cigars and smoked in silence.

"I shay," said North, "Belcher, thish ish most dish-organized crowd what ever combined toe-gether—shay—I want to know."

"You 'test too much, my boy," said West, dreamily, from the edge of the table. "'Test too much. There's lots meaning in that. Noe use saying any more after that. Noe use, ic, writing, thinking, speaking, enny more after that. Says all. Tells how honest by 'tests. Don't 'test too much if you're honest. You 'test too much—orraahhh." And Captain West snored peacefully.

Captain North was sound asleep in his chair five minutes later, and then Enoch Moss spoke up.

"It's all right now," said he "bring down

the men at the right time and we'll get them aboard all right, Just alter that writing a little—not much—so—that's it. North will never know the difference. It's all nonsense anyhow, his being so afraid. He won't lose his old hooker, and there will be big money for us. Filibustering be hanged!"

I arose from the skylight and joined Lord John, who was talking to the big Irish mate. "I guess they are through down below now, so we might get them to show us our staterooms, and see how we like them."

"'Tis an illigint ship, fer sure," said the mate; "'pon me whord, for a fact, ye couldn't have found wan as comfortable in the whole fleet!" We let him take us below, and were much pleased with the preparation that had been made to accommodate us. Soon Enoch Moss joined us in the forward saloon, and then William and the doctor made their appearance. Then everything was arranged to our satisfaction and we went home.

I thought a little over the affair I had witnessed in the cabin, but I reasoned it would be absurd to tell Lord Esterbrook anything which might cause complications in the

arrangements for our passage. There had been rumors of a coming war between the States and Spain for so long that we had ceased to be interested in the wild stories published daily in the papers. A battle-ship had been blown up in Havana harbor more than two months ago, but nothing had happened to influence the shipping trade since then. While our sympathies were entirely American, we would take no active interest in any national events. What difference did it make to either him or me whether the vessel carried arms for the Cuban rebellion or not? I laughed a little at the way Captain North was subdued, and then dismissed the scene from my mind.

CHAPTER IV.

"A MOST remarkable man, that mate," observed Lord John, as we arrived at our hotel, "he has been about everywhere and seen about everything. He will amuse one during a long voyage."

"Oh, I guess we will have amusement enough," I answered, thinking of what I had seen in the cabin. And then I made all haste to see who would dine at the *table-d'hôte.*

Miss Jacquin was there with her mamma, which was strange, for the true American of fashion seldom sits at a *table-d'hôte.* It is too American entirely for their tastes even when living at a hotel.

I will not tell of the last ten days I spent ashore waiting for the "Conemaugh" to sail. It is enough to say that I taxed the patience of my cousin to the utmost and spent little time in his society.

"Tom," said he, "why don't you stop it?" And so, to stop me from making an idiot of

myself, he undertook to join Miss Jacquin and myself during the end of our stay. Somehow he grew much quieter than usual the day we bade our farewell. As for me, I had begun to think less of that photograph which was in my trunk. This and—well, some other little matters of no importance made me a willing victim of my cousin's whim. To go meant a lonesome voyage of months. To stay meant a disappointment that would be more uncomfortable. That is about the way I looked at it. I was a dying man, yet I knew I could live the little life left me better without any more ties to break.

When I said good-by to Mary Jacquin that last night, I felt as lonely and desperate as a man ever feels. It was foolish, I know, to imagine any feeling between two people who had known each other only two weeks. But I saw her eyes for many a night afterwards, and the same tender look of sympathy that was in them will be before me always. As for Lord John, he had little to say against things American the morning we went aboard, and he was so much occupied

that when I made some relevant remark, he started suddenly and turned a little redder in the face than he already was. But, however, this discernment on my part was probably only a reflection of the thoughts running through my own diseased imagination.

William and Dr. Jones had already arrived aboard the "Conemaugh" by the time we reached her. There was a great bustle and hurry about the dock, although it was still quite early in the morning. A man with a shiny, bald head and square bearded face set upon a sturdy, short, bow-legged frame stood on the forecastle head and cursed loudly at the men who were getting the lines ready to let go. He bawled out orders, and every now and then would take an old red handkerchief from his hip pocket and mop the top of his shiny cranium, where there appeared to be a deep dent.

Enoch Moss stood upon the high poop-deck, and near him were a knot of men in citizens' dress, among whom we recognized William and Dr. Jones. The huge Irish mate, O'Toole, welcomed us at the gangway, and apparently was waiting for us to

get aboard before casting off the spring lines, for the instant we reached the deck he bawled out the news to the skipper. A tug-boat that was lying astern immediately took a line and we were pulled out of the berth before we had fairly put foot on the quarter-deck. The strange men on the poop shook hands with each other and appeared to be in a most happy mood. Out of the dozen or more fully three-fourths of them bore the unmistakable look of the West Indian. They rolled cigarettes and chatted in Spanish, and Lord John was somewhat astonished when he found they were to be our fellow-passengers. On the main-deck the mate was busy overhauling the running-gear, so by the time we reached the bar beyond Sandy Hook our topsails were hoisted and sheeted home, and we were ready to put the pilot off. The maintop-sail was laid aback and the ship's headway slacked. The tug sent a boat, and the man went over the side bidding us a pleasant voyage. Lord John and I watched him as he nimbly scrambled into the small boat, which was being tossed wildly in the choppy seas, and

we were relieved to see him gain the deck of the tug in safety. Then we turned our interested gaze to our own ship and looked down on the main-deck.

I had expected something strange to happen, but was hardly prepared for the scene which greeted us.

From the forward house, from the forward cabin, and from the after-hatchway to the lazarette issued men. Men of all classes, dressed in the light flowing garb of the Cuban. Esterbrook stood staring at them in amazement. Then Captain Enoch Moss came aft to the wheel, the yards were swung around, and the "Conemaugh" stood away on her course to the southward.

"What the devil do you suppose we've gotten into?" said John, still gazing at the crowd of strangers, who now shook hands with each other and gave other evidence that they were glad they were afloat together.

"I guess we are taking a few men toward the Cuban coast," I answered. "They will probably leave us and get aboard some vessel to the southward that will take them to their

destination. There must be at least one hundred of them."

"It would be a nice thing for us to be overhauled and shot as filibusters," answered John. "Confound our luck. I think I'll ask the captain what this means."

Enoch Moss met him with a smile as he walked to the wheel, and before he had a chance to say a word the skipper waved his hand in a comprehensive manner toward the crowd that had now gathered upon the poop.

"Plenty of passengers this voyage, Mr. Esterbrook, hey? But they won't be with us very long,—a week or two at the most,—so you needn't expect to have any inconvenience from overcrowding. How do you like the looks of them for soldiers, hey?"

"Are you filibustering?" asked Lord John.

"Wall, it's something on that order, if you look at it from a Spanish point o' view. We lovers of freedom don't like that word, so we say 'martyrs' and 'patriots' for short. You needn't be scared of any trouble. They are as meek as lambs, and we'll ship them aboard a tug just to the north'ard of the Caicos

Bank. They've got some uncommon good weapons in the hold what were shipped—by mistake—for some sporting house in Melbourne. It's strange how careless some shippers are of their goods. I might have carried them rifles clear around the world, if some of these fellows hadn't told me where to take them." And he grinned at Lord John.

"You are frank enough," said Lord John, with some show of annoyance; "but if you get us into trouble, you will be sorry for it."

"No fear!" growled Enoch Moss, and he turned on his heel and began to pace the quarter-deck with rapid strides. The Cuban contingent fell away from him, as he hardly deigned to speak to any of them; so he was left alone walking fore and aft on the weather-side, stopping at each turn to note how the vessel held her way and glancing to windward, where the deepening haze told of a freshening gale. Finally, several of the Cubans, who appeared to be the leaders of the party, drew near to Lord Esterbrook and myself and spoke to us politely.

John was a little stiff, but, as they appeared to be gentlemanly in their behavior, he re-

laxed, and soon we were on a more sociable footing. The leader of the party was General Montez, a noted revolutionist, and the others were the officers on his staff. He had organized this expedition and had enlisted nearly a hundred men as soldiers from the cigar factories in the American cities. These were the men who now swarmed about the main-deck and appeared to be thankful that their perilous journey had begun without intervention from the authorities. General Montez told us that he would leave the ship to the northward of the Caicos Bank, where a small coasting vessel would await the expedition to convey them to Cuba. He appeared to be a man of considerable intelligence, and Lord John was rapidly getting over his disgust at being aboard with this crowd, after talking to the leader for half an hour. He was a handsome old Cuban, whose dark face with aquiline features showed in marked contrast to his snow-white hair and moustache.

While we were engaged in listening to the interesting plans of these patriots, the second mate, Mr. Garnett, came aft with a man who

looked entirely different from the rest of the filibusters. He was tall and light-haired, and had the air of a man of the world. His dress was faultless in cut and style, and he looked the New Yorker of wealth and education.

"Beg your pardon, general," said the mate, "but this man don't seem to belong to your party, so I brings him aft to identify him. He says he's a passenger."

The stranger smiled at this and spoke.

"That's very honest of you, my man," said he, addressing the mate; "but it's your captain I wish to see, not your passengers."

"Then yer not of the fighting breed?" said the old fellow, with some contempt in his tone. "I might have known that by looking at yer. Here's the skipper on the weather-quarter. You can settle with him."

The young man stepped over to the weather-side of the poop, and the old mate followed him. Enoch Moss saw them coming and stopped in his walk. Garnett touched his forehead in mock gravity and said,—

"Ain't one of them, but took his passage

without so much as by your leave," and he motioned with his hand toward the stranger.

"What are you doing aboard here?" asked Enoch Moss.

"I came as a passenger, and intend to pay my way."

"Huh! ye do?" growled the skipper.

"My name is Billings, Richard Billings," continued the young man, drawing forth a fat roll of bills and taking five crisp one-hundred-dollar notes from them. "I think this is the usual price of passage, isn't it? and he handed them to the astonished skipper.

"It is," said Enoch Moss, examining the new notes with a smile. "I suppose you are used to sailor's work, hey? Because, if you're not, you'll have a time of it at first. You can go into the mate's watch. Mr. Garnett," he continued, turning to the old sailor, "you tell Mr. O'Toole to step aft here a moment."

"You don't mean that you wish me to work?" said the stranger in astonishment.

"You most certainly will," said Enoch Moss. "You see, I'll do this because you're

young, and a little hard work will help you to forget your evil past and promote healthy ideas for the future. You can work with the mate's watch until we get on soundings again, and then I'll be forced to hold you until you can prove a rational excuse for coming aboard the 'Conemaugh.'"

Mr. Billings thought a moment in silence.

"Suppose I told you my excuse for coming aboard, would you believe it?" he asked.

"You may do so," said Enoch Moss.

"Will you believe me and accept my money as payment for my passage?"

"That's another matter," said the skipper, with a faint smile.

"Then it will be only a waste of time," said Mr. Billings, thoughtfully; "so I reckon I won't do it."

"Then you'll work with the men," said the skipper.

"I prefer to do no such thing."

"You'll have the choice of doing that or being in irons during the entire cruise."

"How long will that be?"

"About five months."

"Then I'll join the watch and trust to luck to settling with you afterwards. I think you will find this business less lucrative after you get through with me."

"D'ye threaten me!" roared Enoch Moss striding up to him.

His answer was a stunning blow in the mouth which sent the skipper staggering backwards. The next instant they were fighting like wild-cats all over the poop.

Billings was tall and powerful, and he would have given the skipper plenty to do had not the first mate, Mr. O'Toole, rushed up at that turn of affairs. In a few minutes Mr. Billings was struggling wildly in the iron embrace of the great Irishman, while Enoch Moss quickly passed a line around him, making him secure. Then Mr. Garnett, who had stood by, smiling and rubbing the top of his bald head while the fracas was going on, seized the young man and took him forward.

When matters had smoothed themselves out, the skipper explained the case to the mates and ourselves. He took out the bills and handed them to O'Toole with a smile.

The mate had never seen a bill of such a large denomination, so he looked at them but an instant, knowing full well what was in the skipper's mind. To believe they were genuine was too absurd.

"'Tis no wan but a fool av a man who would put so much in a bit av paper," said he. Then he passed them to Garnett.

Garnett smelled them, held them up to look through, and finally started to burn one. "For," said he, "if it burns, it's no good. Nobody would make a big bill that would burn."

The skipper offered some objection to this last test, and the second officer went forward and expressed himself freely to Mr. O'Toole in regard to the skipper's intelligence.

General Montez, his three officers, Lord Esterbrook, and myself now being left with the skipper, we gave the unanimous opinion that the money was genuine, much to the skipper's disgust. He, however, went forward and carefully overhauled the stranger's outfit, and when he came back we saw he had arrived at some favorable conclusion, for he sent the mate to bring Mr. Billings aft.

In a moment that young man stood before him.

"Unshackle him," commanded Enoch Moss.

The mate cast off his irons.

"Mr. Billings," said the skipper, "I wish to square that little misunderstanding we just had. If you had told me you were Mr. Billings——"

"I did," interrupted that individual with some force.

"If you had told me you were Mr. Billings of New York, sir," roared the skipper, walking close to him, "I should have taken you for a passenger. Yessir, and been damned glad of the privilege. That little joke of yours about these useless notes would have been avoided, sir, and Mr. O'Toole's part in the matter a—a—averted——"

"Averted," put in O'Toole, nodding his great red head approvingly at the passenger.

"Of course," continued the skipper, "these worthless notes are of no good to you; so I'll keep them and try and pass them on some greenhorn at the first chance."

"You may return them to me, then," said Mr. Billings.

"And now, Mr. Billings," continued the skipper, ignoring the young man's last remark, "you may consider yourself a passenger, and damned welcome to you."

Then he turned on his heel to show that the conversation was over, and he continued his walk fore and aft on the poop as if nothing had happened, while Mr. Billings was taken in tow by the mate and turned over to the steward, who fixed him comfortably in the cabin.

We continued to talk with the Cuban revolutionists until the land disappeared in the westward. The ship was rushing along under skysails, and she was leaving a long, foaming wake between herself and the States. The motion as she rose and fell was not disagreeable, and I was glad that the voyage had begun. I thought of the good dinners we had enjoyed at the American hotels, and, as the sea-air sharpened my appetite, I began to speculate on what we would have to go through at sea. A feeling of loneliness came upon me when I thought of the long

voyage with only my cousin for a congenial companion. I marvelled at his self-sacrifice and devotion to me. Then he broke into my thoughts with the remark that we should eat before the heave of the swell had its effect on us, and we went below.

CHAPTER V.

THE first six days spent aboard the "Conemaugh" were pleasant enough, although we had head winds which drove us out of our course. Our friends, the Cubans, were most interesting, and the hours we spent listening to the anecdotes of Mr. Billings, who always joined a group, were as amusing as any in my memory.

This young man appeared to have an unlimited fund of stories, and it was his greatest delight to get General Montez, his staff, consisting of Colonel Sanchez Agra and Captains Sevilla and Blanco, together with Lord John and myself. Then he would begin on us and soon have us in the best of good humors. He had an honest face, and with his blond moustache and curly hair was about as good looking a young man as one could find. His manner was always polite, but I thought just a little obtrusive at times, especially when he saw the Cubans talking together. On these oc-

casions he would always join them, no matter what subject they appeared to be discussing, and with the utmost good humor begin to tell of some laughable incident which had just occurred on board. Once or twice I thought the general appeared annoyed when he was evidently discussing some important business, but Mr. Billings did not appear to notice it.

My appetite increased wonderfully in spite of the coarse food, and by the time we were in the middle of the Gulf Stream I could eat the salt junk served at the table with as much enjoyment as I had eaten anything within the last year. At the cabin-table sat General Montez, his staff, and Lord Esterbrook and myself. Enoch Moss always took his place at the head of the board, and began without ceremony to attack whatever was before him. Mr. Billings did not appear at meals during the first three days, but, as he pleaded sea-sickness, nothing was thought of his absence. I once thought it strange that he should recover at times so suddenly from his indisposition, for I noticed that, just as soon as the Cubans

had finished eating, Mr. Billings would be on deck to meet them when they came up from below.

During the absence of Mr. Billings and his interesting anecdotes at meals, the conversation often drifted to the affairs in Cuba. My cousin John expressed great interest in these, and would engage the four patriots in lengthy discussions as to the value of home government for the island.

On the afternoon of the sixth day, while we were at dinner, General Montez appeared more communicative than usual.

"Your lordship ought to know," said he, addressing my cousin, "that there is much more patriotism developed among a people who are absolutely free and have a popular form of government than among those of a monarchy. Of course, you are set in your conservative views, because you have been taught them from earliest youth; but you would realize what I mean if you could see the absolute trust these men have in each other. They act as one for their country's good, and never dream that a comrade has any other thought. It is this absolute trust

in each other that makes our organization so safe and easy."

"Do you suspect any one of your number of having some feeling for the mother country?" asked Lord Esterbrook, smiling. "I should think in a crowd of men like this, gathered from everywhere, there would be danger of taking in a few who might have strong inclinations toward Spain; especially as they will soon find they cannot all be men of prominence in a republic. Suppose, for instance, there was one of that stamp among your party aboard. I fancy he might prove a dangerous factor on a ship. There have been several expeditions prior to yours which have started out and never been heard from. A little fire, dynamite, or something of that sort, and the whole outfit would be in rather a bad fix."

"Such a thing is quite too absurd," put in Colonel Agra. "A man who would do such a thing would be a lunatic. How could he escape?"

General Montez laughed. "Your lordship is rather pessimistic," said he.

"Still, the idea is most reasonable," I put

in, reaching across the table for the Worcestershire sauce cruet, which lay jammed in between two cleats to keep it from rolling about the board.

Enoch Moss looked at me suspiciously while I helped myself to the condiment.

I started to put the cruet back in its place, and had just set it upon the table, when the vessel gave a heave to leeward. The bottle shot across the table, and landed in General Montez's lap, covering him with the brown mixture.

"Hello!" growled the skipper, and he looked up through the skylight at the broad reach of the mizzentop-sail. The light seemed to die away, and suddenly the voice of the mate was heard roaring out orders. This was followed by a rush of feet upon the deck overhead, and the cries of the men hauling upon the downhauls and clewlines. The ship heeled over slowly, and then came the sharp crack of flying canvas accompanied by the rattling of the chain halyards in the blocks. Enoch Moss gulped down his coffee, and, leaving the cup to find its way to leeward, sprang from his seat and bounded

up the companion-way. We all hastily finished and started up after him.

As we gained the deck, quite a different scene presented itself from what we had left on going below. A dark, slate-colored cloud had obscured the sun, and was rising rapidly from the southwest. Its outer edge was ill-defined, and appeared so smooth and hazy that it seemed to blend with a dull haze that gave the sky a peculiar copper color in front of it. Through this the sun sent fan-like beams of light, while under it the sea had a dark look, growing blacker and blacker under the lead-colored pall, until away in the southwest it looked like ink with white specks appearing and vanishing upon its surface. The swell had a quick run to it, sending the "Conemaugh" with a sudden heave to leeward at each roll. Garnett was forward with some hands taking in the outer jibs, and O'Toole was at the maintop-sail halyards, standing by to slack them off just as soon as the port-watch, which had tumbled on deck, had time to clew down the top-gallant-sail above it. It was evident to me, even though I was not a sailor, that the mate had carried his canvas

a trifle too long, and that the squall had come up so suddenly that he was going to have trouble to save his lighter sails.

Enoch Moss stood at the break of the poop and roared out to the man at the wheel to keep her off just as the first puff of cool air from the squall struck the vessel with some force. The flying mizzentop-sail, which the mate had let go by the run, thundered away overhead, and it seemed that the mast must surely be jerked out of the ship. The vessel paid off easily, for she had good headway, and there was no danger of the wind taking her aback. We could see the whitening of the sea in the southwest plainly, and knew the weight of the blow would come in a moment from that direction. In a few moments we were tearing through a smother of white foam with the wind abaft the beam. The men tailed on to the mizzentop-sail clewlines, and finally that sail was secured, and then all hands went for the maintop-sail.

The deep moaning sound of immense volume, caused by the wind rushing over the sea before it struck us, now gave place to a deep, booming roar as it tore its way through

the shrouds and backstays and whirled in great volumes under the foot of the fore-and-maintop-sails. The tops of the waves were picked up and hurled along horizontally in a wild storm of spray, making the sea appear as white as driven snow. This would strike with incredible force; so for some time I was unable to look to windward.

We stood in the lee of the mizzen and watched the affairs on the main-deck.

The Cubans were huddled under the top-gallant-forecastle and in the forward-house, while the mate's watch struggled aloft to secure the maintop-sail, which all hands had been clewing down from the deck, and which now hung under the lee of the lower topsail like a collapsed balloon, every now and again bellying out with a thundering crack as the wind roared under the yard, which would not quite settle upon the cap. I watched the fellows dragging themselves up the weather-ratlines, and saw eight of them, or more than half the watch, lay out on the yard and begin to secure the canvas. The rest were just getting into the top when the foot-rope to leeward, having six of the men

upon it, parted from the yard-arm. Every man of that six was flung clear of the vessel's side into the sea. The three men who had gone aloft to roll up the top-gallant-sail and the rest in the maintop stood petrified for an instant. Then Enoch Moss roared out for all hands to lay aft to the braces, and every one alow and aloft came tumbling for the waist. The excitement was catching, and in an instant I saw Lord John and the Cuban officers tailing on to the lee maintop-sail brace, while the ship, with her helm alee, came swinging up on the wind.

Enoch Moss had cast the life-buoys overboard from the taffrail, in the hope that some poor fellow would catch one and hold on until we could pick him up.

I found myself pulling away upon the lee foretop-sail brace and getting out of breath with exertion and excitement. Then, as old Garnett, the second mate, took a turn upon a belaying-pin and the men rushed to the fore- and maintop-mast staysails, I looked about me. The maintop-gallant-sail thrashed to ribbons over my head with a deafening noise. The maintop-sail, now getting the wind into

it again, thundered away until the lee chain-sheet parted at the clew, letting the short end flick pieces from the lower topsail below it like might be done with a gigantic whip.

The quick change of events, the wild, deep, booming roar of the gale, which now bore down upon the ship with full force, and set each standing rigging singing to the strain, quite bewildered me. I tried to look to windward, and the instant I raised my face above the rail I was struck with a spirt of drift with such force that it took my breath away and made my face smart as if struck with a whip. I crawled aft again to my place at the mizzen, where I was joined by General Montez. The vessel was now hove to on the starboard tack, with only her storm topsails and fore upper topsail, the latter threatening to go out of the bolt-ropes at any minute, in spite of the efforts of the mate and men, who were lifting away at the clews and buntlines, trying to get the lee-clew upon the yard without shaking the canvas to ribbons. The yard would not come down owing to the pressure upon it.

Enoch Moss stood on the break of the

poop gazing to windward, in spite of the blinding drift. He saw that it was suicide for men to put off in a boat in the blow, with the sea making every minute. There was no possibility of it slacking up in time so save his men, so he waited but a moment longer. Then, with a last look toward where he had caught a glimpse of a struggling sailor, he gave the order to put the wheel hard up.

In a moment we were rushing away again to the eastward, with the gale on our starboard quarter increasing in violence. The foretop-sail was at last secured, although it took all hands fully half an hour to get it on the yard; and, when we had time to look about us, we found that our maintop-mast was badly sprung, the topsail and top-gallant-sail blown away, the flying-jib split, the fore-top-gallant-sail gone from the bolt-ropes, and six men lost out of a crew of twenty. It was not a very good beginning to a voyage; and I noticed several pale faces among the Cubans who had turned-to to help the crew. Lord John joined me, looking a little flushed from the excitement and exertion,—for he

had lent a hand with a right good-will,—and we stood watching the skipper to see what would happen next. The way Enoch Moss roared out orders above the deep booming thunder of the gale filled me with admiration. The sailor's face was calm though preoccupied, and his tremendous voice carried his orders distinctly above the chaos of sound, giving every one who heard it a conviction that the owner was not alarmed, and could make everything all snug in a few moments after being obeyed.

I had not noticed what had become of our passenger, Mr. Billings, but while we stood under the lee of the mizzen watching the storm, I saw him suddenly appear from the main booby-hatch which let down into the between decks in the waist. He was attired in a sweater, and he immediately lent a hand with some of the men who were hard at work trying to save the thrashing maintop-sail. I did not think it strange that he should do this, for he was a sturdy young man, but I wondered why he had been below in the part of the vessel beneath the main-hatch.

At the end of half an hour the remaining portions of the ruined canvas had been secured, and the vessel was running away to the eastward under storm topsails. I had not realized how deep she sat in the water when I first came on board, but now I could tell by the dead, jerky way she went through it that she was much overloaded. The sea had begun to get a quick run to it, and several heavy combers had roared over the top-gallant-rail in the waist and fallen with tremendous force upon the deck, making the ship vibrate with the shock. They washed all the running rigging away to the leeward, where it whirled to and fro in the swirling foam.

The wind seemed to be increasing in force, and I began to get a little nervous. I was not strong, and the noise, excitement, and the continued exertion necessary to keep my feet upon the deck of the rolling ship, as she went staggering off before that quick Gulf sea, began to tell on me. I noticed Garnett coming aft down the weather-side of the main-deck, and I realized how he had acquired the rolling way in which he walked

upon his short bow-legs. Only years of practice at balancing himself upon the heaving world beneath could have developed it. He came to where we stood and motioned to windward.

"Dirty weather coming," he bawled; "we'll be shipping half the Gulf over the rail before eight bells. You had better get below."

I took one last look at the steel-colored sky and then at the water in the waist. I saw all the Cubans had been sent under cover, and, thinking that we could be of no further use where we were, I suggested that we take his advice, and led the way into the cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN we went below I was astonished at the noisy change from the scene on the deck. Lord John seated himself at the cabin-table next to General Montez. Agra, Sevilla, Blanco, and myself sat opposite, and tried to express a few words of sympathy for the poor fellows lost from the maintop-sail-yard. The noise below was now becoming almost deafening, and we soon had to suspend conversation. Every seam in the deck and bulkheads appeared to give forth a sound, crackling and groaning in the most horrible manner. I began to wonder if the vessel were really going to pieces with the strain.

Captain Blanco noticed my half-concealed fears, and good-naturedly assured me that there was not a particle of danger in all the uproar. In spite of this, I found myself making bad weather of it, and was not sorry when Colonel Agra suggested a game of cards.

I went into my state-room and had William rub me down and give me a dry suit of clothes, for I was completely soaked from exposure to the squall. The water was so warm, however, that I felt no chill, and took no heed of my physician's advice to take a dram to stave off the possible chance of taking cold. My poor young doctor was himself so sick from the motion of the vessel that he could hardly stand. I let him retire to his state-room adjoining mine and turn in. Then I went back to the saloon, where the passengers were playing the American game of poker with a greasy pack of cards belonging to the steward.

Mr. Billings had come below and his sweater was shining with moisture. He sat opposite Lord Esterbrook and spoke cheerily of the bad weather.

I joined in the game, and we played despite the roar on deck and the thunder of heavy seas falling into the waist. The weather appeared not to moderate, and the squall promised to develop into a cyclone of the West India type. The glass fell lower and the roar overhead increased. I could

hear Enoch Moss bawling out an order, and it was accompanied by cries from the men on the main-deck, but we played on in silence as far as speech was concerned.

"This will take us a long way off our course," said Colonel Agra finally, speaking in a loud tone, scarcely audible, however, above the din, just after a hand had been dealt. No one answered. The lack of conversation was oppressive, and the game could not divert the attention from the tragic scene we had witnessed on deck. I saw that the colonel felt much like I did, so I tried to say something in reply.

"It will be some days before we see the keys of the Caicos Bank," growled Captain Blanco in my ear. As he spoke, I noticed Mr. Billings look up suddenly.

At that moment the ship shook heavily, and there was a thundering jar, as if a sea had struck her forward with terrific force.

"That was a big fellow," said Lord Esterbrook, looking up at the tell-tale compass which hung overhead. There was a moment's silence, and Mr. Billings arose from the table and pleaded nausea as an excuse

for not continuing the game. He went to his room. Then there was a rush of feet overhead, mingled with wild cries of frantic men.

We looked at each other for an instant, and then, without a word, every man of us started for the companion-way to the main-deck. Lord Esterbrook got out first, and he was followed by the Cuban officers and myself in quick succession. O'Toole, the mate, and Garnett were standing in the waist, surrounded by a crowd of Cubans, who were shouting and pointing forward, and at the same time pressing toward the whale-boat, which was strapped across the break of the poop. Smoke was pouring from the main-hatch in a dense, black volume, and I noticed Enoch Moss standing at the edge of the poop-rail roaring out orders and staring at the opening of the hatch as though it were a ghost. His face was white, but that big voice was as steady in its tones as at any time I had heard it.

"Lay for'ard and pass water below, all hands," he bellowed, and the mates were doing all they could to stem the crowd of

frightened men and turn them to some help.

"What is it?" cried Lord John, coming to O'Toole's side, and trying to get the men to listen to reason.

"'Tis blowed up we are, fer sure," panted the Irishman. "But stand back, ye fools; no boat can live a minit in th' sea runnin'. Git the buckets, and th' tarpaulin' off th' main-hatch. It's th' only chance. Sam—Bill, there, bear a hand and cut th' lashings. By th' saints, there's a wild heaven above and a hell beneath us."

General Montez and his officers did wonders with his men, and in a few minutes all hands were working like mad about the hatches, some tearing the battens off and cutting the lashings, and others bending on lines to every bucket and tub aboard the ship.

The carpenter sounded the well and found plenty of water below, but, as the vessel was laboring heavily in the sea, it was hard to tell whether it was coming in lively or not.

It was a wild scene there on that deck. The dark gray masses of vapor hurtling by overhead, driven with tremendous velocity

before the storm. The deep, booming roar of the wind, which was now blowing with hurricane force through the rigging and under the narrow, straining strip of a lower maintop-sail. The crash of seas striking the vessel and shaking her from stem to stern-post, whirling in a wild storm of spray horizontally across her, or if passing the top-gallant-rail falling with a tremendous shock onto the main-deck, and rolling to leeward in a white cataract of seething water. For a few moments I was dazed by the turmoil. The men were up to their knees in the rush of foam, and those in the lee-scuppers were sometimes as deep as their waists in the water. In a moment I was washed off my feet, but Lord John seized me and dragged me forward out of the way. When a section of the fore-hatch had been removed, a great spurt of smoke shot upwards and the men started back. Then O'Toole rallied them, and had them passing water below as fast as possible.

While this was going on, Captain Moss stood on the break of the poop watching the vessel, and bawling out to the men at

the wheel to ease her as much as they could as she rode the sharp, quick seas of the Gulf. I helped as much as I could, directing the men to leeward and passing the buckets, but I noticed that the smoke continued to pour from the hatch with undiminished volume. I was getting a little nervous and looked at my cousin as he worked, standing to his middle in the swirl to leeward, and dipping bucket after bucket with the regularity and quickness of a machine.

Garnett had passed a life-line athwart ship extending from the weather-fore-rigging to the pin-rail to leeward. I saw O'Toole and several of the crew working on the weather-side, and noticed that the mate kept peering over the side as if trying to locate something. I went along the line and joined him under the lee of the high bulwarks, where I met William and my doctor. They tried to persuade me to go below, but I felt strong enough and declined.

"What is over the side?" I asked, as the mate ducked from a sea that poured over our heads and nearly took my breath away.

"Ye better git back onto th' poop. Ye

are no man for this business," he growled, spitting out a mouthful of salt water. "Git aft with ye, before a sea boards us, or ye'll be drownded fer sure. Th' whole side av the ship is gone out of her, and ye'll have plenty to do when the time comes."

I went aft, accompanied by William, and, as I gained the poop, I looked over the side, sheltering my eyes against the spray with my hand.

The ship was heeling over from the force of the gale, and I saw a long, splintered rent in her a few feet above the water-line. It looked as if several planks had been blown outboard with tremendous force. The white splinters around the edges of the hole showed in marked contrast with the black paint.

While I was straining over the rail I heard Enoch Moss roar out for the men forward to "Look out." I saw several grasp some of the running rigging and others rush for shelter under the lee of the foremast. Then I looked to windward and saw a mountainous sea rising broad off the fore-rigging and felt the ship heave toward it. The next instant it struck us, and every-

thing forward disappeared in a wild caldron of foam. It seemed for a moment the whole ship had gone under with the crash of that load falling upon her decks, and I thought I could feel her settling beneath my feet.

Enoch Moss grasped the rigging close to me and stared at the water pouring down the opening in the fore-hatch. Tons and tons of it went below while he looked, and then the gale bearing the vessel heavily again to leeward, the great mass of it rolled over the port-rail, carrying several men along with it.

All but one of these regained the ship, but by the time the scattered bucket crews were ready to work the smoke had ceased to come from below. Only a white steam rushed up from the hatches, and even that diminished quickly. The sea had done its work between decks, but it looked as though it had done too much for the safety of the ship, and I now confess I was thoroughly frightened at the prospect. We were so low in the water that the sea broke clear and green over the waist, and I thought we were on our way to the bottom. O'Toole and

Garnett, however, got the men to clap the section of the fore-hatch on its coamings and hold it there with sheer weight until they could pass the battens and lash it fast. Then the men struggled aft to the shelter of the poop.

Enoch Moss stood at the mizzen and gave orders to loose the fore-and-mizzen-top-sails, in the hope that the force of the gale would heave the vessel down to leeward far enough to keep the rent in her side clear of the water.

"'Tis a divin'-bell we'll be wantin' to work on that main-deck," said the mate, but he never hesitated an instant. He had some men on the foreyard in less time than it takes to tell of it, while the old mate, Garnett, laid up the mizzen ratlines with the rest and loosed the topsail, goose-winging it to leeward to try half of it first, before putting the whole canvas under the pressure.

By the time the mate had the foretop-sail on her the wind had decreased somewhat. It had been blowing now for five hours with hurricane force, but we had missed the centre

of the storm and were rapidly passing the dangerous zone. Lord John joined me on the poop and reported that the glass had gone up a little, so we began to feel more hopeful. The crowd of Cubans who sought shelter in the forward cabin, however, were of anything but a hopeful frame of mind. They gave no trouble, but were in a state bordering on a panic.

As the wind slackened and it grew dark, sail was made on the main, and many of the unemployed Cubans were sent below to shift cargo to port. The pumps were kept manned as soon as men could live on the main-deck, and by eight bells in the evening the ship was listed well over until the hole in her side was clear of the sea except when the heaviest rolled down on her. The deck to leeward was now under water and the ship was making good headway, but it was to the eastward, out of the track of coasting-vessels, and her course could not be changed. She tore along like a rock jutting up in a tide race through the quick Gulf sea, which had hardly begun to go down, sending the water over her top-gallant-forecastle

in a white, roaring smother at each plunge and trembling horribly with the strain.

"The water gains a little on her," I heard Garnett report to the captain. But Enoch Moss appeared to pay no attention to him and gazed steadily at the straining canvas aloft.

"Put double gangs of those Cubans at the pumps," he said suddenly, turning fiercely to Garnett. "Work their damned arms off. There's some hell's business at the bottom of this, but I'll drive her to the Guinea Coast, by God, before she goes down. Send the carpenter below and put that passenger, Billings, in double irons. Tell O'Toole to come here."

It was getting quite dark, but a long stretch of light sky to the southward showed that we would soon run into clear weather again. The roar overhead was slackening, as the wind was falling rapidly, and the prospect of a clear night was ahead.

Enoch Moss came near to where Lord John and I stood.

"You had better go below and get what rest you can," he growled. "There won't be

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any trouble before daylight if things get no worse. You'll need all the rest you can get then."

So we took his advice and went below, where we had William make us a good stiff punch before we turned in. As poor Dr. Jones could not sleep, I told him he might keep watch and arouse us if anything new happened to endanger our lives. Then Lord John and I got into our bunks, and I realized that I was utterly worn out with excitement and exertion. I wondered, vaguely, how long my diseased lungs would hold out on a sea-voyage of this kind, but I said nothing of these thoughts to my cousin. Then, in spite of the danger we were in, I slept as soundly as an infant.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN I awoke the next morning, William was mixing me a bracer, steadying himself awkwardly against the cabin bulkhead. The vessel was heeling over, and from the droning hum of the wind on deck I knew it was still blowing a stiff breeze. Lord John had gone on deck some time before, so I hurried William with my dressing and started after him. I felt very well, and not the least weak from the excitement and exertion of the day before. Somehow the sea-air was having a good effect upon me in spite of the disadvantages I had been put to on this voyage.

On reaching the deck, I found that everybody on board had turned out long before I had. The Cubans were talking excitedly in groups on the main-deck and on the poop. I went to the weather-side and looked about us, for the sun was shining and the heavy, little Gulf clouds were rapidly breaking into small lumps of vapor and drifting lazily

away to the northward. The wind was still blowing a stiff breeze from the southward, and the water had many a white patch upon it where the combers rolled in the sunlight, but there was nothing to indicate heavy weather. Aloft, the royals strained away a rap full, and I noticed that all signs of the split canvas had been removed and new sails bent. Altogether there was nothing above the deck, except the sprung topmast, to show that the ship had been roughly used. I looked forward where the men manned the pumps, and saw that the pump-brakes had as many men to them as they could take, and that a steady stream of clear green water welled from the leads to the foam in the water-ways. The ship was driving along at a rapid rate toward the southeast, lurching heavily through the short, quick seas, which took her on the beam and sent a cataract of spray over her bow at each plunge. As she would strike them, she would bury herself to the catheads, and all forward would be lost in the flying storm of water which sparkled in the sunshine and fell to leeward with the wind, washing the top-gallant-forecastle and

main-deck, and rushing down the water-ways, which were buried knee-deep in the foam, until the men at the lee-braces were almost washed off their feet. Overboard to leeward the suds roared off the bow in a wild smother, making a rainbow in the sunshine, and washing past the vessel half-way up the lee-bulwarks at the rate of ten knots an hour.

Enoch Moss stood on the break of the poop, and his face was as calm as if he were at the cabin-table in a safe port. I followed his gaze, and saw he was looking steadily at the rent in his ship's side, now covered with canvas and boards which the daring O'Toole had fastened there during the night at the risk of his life. I leaned over the side, and saw that the gash was about a foot and a half above the water-line, with the vessel heeling over as she then was.

If she were to go about, or ever come on an even keel, the rent would be below it. The whole side seemed split along the midship section, making a rent about twenty-five feet long and from one to three planks deep; a long, narrow gash, as if the planks had been ripped out by some force from within.

The mate stood near my cousin searching the horizon for a sail by the aid of the skipper's glass, but there appeared to be none in sight. As I joined them on the poop, Captain Moss spoke,—

"Mr. O'Toole, you had better get all the spare spars on deck and stand by to make them into a raft. The boats won't hold all of us, and if we don't raise a sail within two hours, we'll have to lay the yards aback and try to get clear of her. We will run her under at this rate, and lose all hands. The water gains six inches an hour, so we can't let her get more than a foot deeper."

"May the saints send that the sea goes down, sir; 'tis an uncommon strong raft that would live in the ruck av that blow," said O'Toole. Then he turned close to Lord John, and whispered, "Ye better stand by fer a call, about eight bells; an' if ye have a weepin av any consequence or size about your outfit, you had better get it to hand and stand near the skipper in case av a rush for th' whale-boat. We can't all go, nor yet stay, as the sayin' is, so God help the lucky dogs that get afloat on a bit av wood awash

in this sea-way." Then he turned to Enoch Moss, "I'll break out all the empty oil-barrels, sir, and put Garnett at th' job av fixin' thim. He's an old hand at th' business, fer if he ain't the biggest liar afloat,—which he is,—he has been foundered in th' western ocean half a dozen times before."

"Bear a hand, then; tell him to start the men—all hands—getting the cargo out and heaving it over the side. It will delay matters for a time. She won't lay any closer than southeast, and there ain't much chance of running afoul of a sail off-shore here."

"Aye, aye, sir; I'll start them myself," said O'Toole, and he went forward.

"Are we too far to the northward of the Bermudas to be able to make them?" asked Lord John.

"Over two hundred miles," answered Enoch Moss. "But you had better get your breakfast. The steward has carried the hash below, and there's no use worrying over a spell of bad luck until the time comes."

So saying, Enoch Moss walked aft to the wheel and gave an order to keep the ship's head off half a point.

I looked at my cousin and smiled. "I say, my dear John," I said, "how do you like this voyage as a nerve bracer. Is your appetite as good as ever?"

He looked at me in a pitying way for a moment.

"Tom, there is no use blaming me for the matter," said he. "We are in a bad fix, but I've no doubt that we can get out of it all right. That fellow, Billings, they say, has had something to do with this accident. If he did, he evidently meant to have his torpedo explode sometime later, and cripple the expedition close to the Caicos Bank, where he has most likely arranged to have a Spanish gunboat ready to pick us up. I heard General Montez say something about shooting him this morning. Come along and get something to eat, anyhow. If we have to take to the boats, we'll be better off with full stomachs than with empty ones. After all, if you were well, it wouldn't be such a bad thing to be afloat out here in a good boat. We are sure to be picked up within a day or two at the most, and we have time to get all the water and provisions

we need. Keep up, old man, and come along."

"Give yourself no uneasiness on my account, my dear John," I said. "Lead the way to the hash, and don't begin to pity me until I ask you to. You got me out on this fool expedition, and, by the Pope, I'll live to get ashore again, if it's just to spite you." And we went to breakfast as unconcernedly as if we were going to a café in Regent Street.

General Montez sat at the table, and beside him were his officers. They were in a sullen mood and hardly noticed the greeting I gave them. Colonel Agra gave me an ugly stare, and then it suddenly flashed upon me that they might be suspicious of us.

I ate a hearty breakfast in silence, wondering what the outcome of the affair would be. I could see my cousin was worried, but he said nothing, except to remark to General Montez that the weather was moderating. The old soldier answered him coldly and avoided his look; so we ate rapidly without further remark, and while

we did so I could distinctly hear the tramping of many feet upon the main-deck, and the hoarse cries of the men hoisting the cargo out of the mainhatch, accompanied every now and then by a heavy plunge as it was swung over the ship's side and dropped into the sea.

When we had nearly finished, Enoch Moss came below, and seated himself at the head of the table and glanced furtively at the Cubans and then at us. His face was hard set, and his hawk-like nose appeared more prominent than usual, but he fell to eating without a word.

It was a strange picture. The old Cuban leader, with his lean aquiline features and dark skin set off by his snow-white moustache, bent his eyes upon his plate. Colonel Agra, dark-skinned and black-haired, wearing an enormous coal-black moustache, glanced with the quick and shifty eye of a born fighter from one to the other of us. Blanco and Sevilla, dark-bearded and sun-bronzed, looked straight before them and said not a word. Lord John, large, stout, and blond, sat beside me on the opposite

side of the table and ate his breakfast with a bored expression upon his face. For a moment it flashed upon me how different were the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races. There we were together upon this sinking ship, and it was easy to see that those Cubans believed we had something to do with the disaster that had come upon us. We were in no way connected with our passenger, Mr. Billings, but the fact that we were not one of them, was enough to arouse the suspicions of the race which has been famous for dark deeds since the beginning of history. It is safe to say, that if a company of men belonging to any other race had met with the same mishap under similar conditions, the occurrence would have been set down to accident and not design.

Hard man as Enoch Moss was, he was not unobserving; he saw the drift of the feeling, and at last he spoke.

"We'll heave her into the wind at eight bells, and get clear while there's plenty of time," he said, quietly. "I want you men to help me to hold the crowd in hand, and I don't want any but those what'll have no

feeling in the matter and will work together. See? We're all in the same ship, and I'm the skipper. There ain't any one responsible for this affair, except maybe that fellow Billings, and you can try him and shoot him if you want to, right now. He's the only one aboard here that could have done anything. The rest will have to stick together and help me, and I want your words now to do it." And he paused to see what effect he had had on us. No one spoke right away, but all looked at him.

"I want your words right here to back me and work together," he said. "Do you understand?" he continued, slowly, in a deep, dry tone that was full of menace. "I want you to promise to work together and back me in bossing the job, or, by God, I'll run this ship under before a man leaves her." And he leaned forward and glanced down at the row of faces on his left hand, and then at Lord John and myself. There was something in his bright eyes that told me plainly that he meant what he said, and that he was perfectly capable of doing it.

Old General Montez leaned toward him,

and his eyes were like two bright sparks in his dark face as he answered,—

"You are perhaps right. Discipline will be kept, sir, at all hazards. We will try Mr. Billings at a little examination, if we have time, and after that all will go well. I speak for my men." And he glanced at Colonel Agra and his other officers. They nodded their heads slowly, without removing their eyes from Enoch Moss.

"That's all," said Enoch Moss, and he arose from his chair and went on deck. The mates had the men well in hand as yet, for they did not know the extent of the damage done the ship. Everything was going well, and there was no hurry to leave her as long as she did not settle dangerously.

"I hope you gentlemen did not suspect, for an instant, that you were supposed to be in sympathy with that man Billings," said General Montez. "Nothing was farther from our thoughts, I assure you. You can see, however, how badly this expedition has fared, and the peculiar position you will be placed in when it is picked up by some vessel, and I would gladly welcome you both to take

the oath of allegiance to the great cause of freedom. To join us would be a great benefit conferred."

"Thank you very much," said Lord John. And I repeated the words after him.

"We are about to settle a trifle,—the exact cause of the explosion,—and I hope both of you will be present when we examine Mr. Billings," said General Montez.

"We shall be very glad to come below a little later," said my cousin, rising from his chair. "You will send for us presently?" And with that we went on deck.

The men were hard at work hoisting the cargo out of the main and forward hatches. Large gangs of Cubans tailed onto the hoisting-gear and ran the stuff up to a height of ten feet or so above the deck, then others, helped by the sailors, swung the bundles to leeward and the stuff was dropped overboard. They worked fast, and many tons of nails, grindstones, piping, railroad-iron, etc., which constituted the vessel's miscellaneous cargo, were gotten out of her.

The bright sun was shining and the sea was going down fast, but there was that

loggy feeling to the ship that told plainly that she was settling. The water was growing deeper and deeper in the lee-scuppers, and it now looked clear and warm, showing it was that of the Gulf Stream. On the weather-side of the main-deck, Garnett, Chips, the carpenter, and two of the quartermasters were busy fitting empty oil-barrels in groups of four each to gratings and light spars, which were intended to make a raft. William and my young doctor stood by, lending a hand now and then when they could understand the second mate's nautical oaths and orders, which he mixed rather freely. There was no disorder and no hurry, and, as the breeze slackened, the ship slacked her speed gradually until it seemed a pity to think of leaving her with all her sails drawing and apparently as safe as a house.

"We won't have many hours aboard her," said Lord John, after we had been on deck a short time and looked about us. "It seems a shame to leave a vessel like this for that trifling whale-boat, but she must be badly hurt below the water-line or they would be able to make way against the water coming

aboard. They are hoisting out five tons of cargo a minute and pumping out half a ton of water besides, so she is probably gaining a little on the leak. Have you any weapon at hand in case we need one when the rush comes for the boats?"

"I have a revolver, but there are a thousand more of them in those boxes that came aboard before we left, so I don't see what advantage it will be to use it. Every one of those Cubans can muster a revolver and machete, if not a Winchester rifle, and there are nearly a hundred of them. No, John, it won't do to make a fuss. If we are to take the raft and they the boats, we will have to submit and go. They won't stand any discipline except that which the general has taught them. He gave his word to the skipper that he would recognize his authority as captain of this craft, and I believe he will keep it. Here comes the steward to tell us we are wanted below now to see them pass sentence on that poor fellow Billings."

Captain Sevilla and Colonel Agra had come on deck almost immediately after we had, and had been busy with their men, giv-

ing orders and instructions and keeping the men from getting beyond control. They had had some trouble, as soon as the immediate danger of foundering had passed, to keep their men from going aft in a body and killing Billings, and perhaps ourselves. The work of trying to keep the ship afloat had made matters easier for them, as it had given the nervous ones something definite to do. The officers had now just gone below, and the steward came to us and told that General Montez would be pleased to have us in the cabin.

"Come along, then; let's see the thing through," said John. And we followed the man aft and down the companion-way.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN we went below I noticed Enoch Moss standing at the weather mizzen-rigging, gazing sternly at the men at work on the main-deck. The look in the skipper's face told me plainly that he could be relied upon, so I followed Lord John, feeling certain that we would be called on deck should anything unforeseen happen to endanger our lives.

At the head of the cabin-table, which had now been cleared, sat General Montez. Beside him sat Colonel Agra and Captain Blanco, each wearing a belt holding a machete and heavy army revolver. Sevilla stood at the opposite end where he had stopped on coming below, and beside him, held fast in the grip of three stout-armed Cubans, was Mr. Billings. More men crowded down the open companion-way after we entered, but most of them were sent back on deck again to help the crew wherever they could be most useful.

Billings looked rather pale, but his eye was bright and he looked his captors straight in the face. Then he saw us, and turned his gaze in Lord John's direction as if seeking some sign of friendship.

As I looked at General Montez he spoke.

"What is your name?" asked the general, quietly, looking up at the prisoner with a glance which appeared to read the man's inmost thoughts.

"Richard Billings," answered the prisoner frankly, looking squarely at the general.

"You were seen coming up from below shortly before the explosion, yesterday, and circumstances point that you had something to do with it. Passengers do not go below in the main-hold of a vessel while at sea unless they have some business of importance there. What have you to say?"

"Nothing, except that the idea is too absurd to discuss?" answered Billings.

There was a moment's silence, and I looked at the faces of the Cubans for some sign or show of the evidence they appeared to possess of the man's guilt. Colonel Agra sat with his arms leaning upon the

table before him and his shifty eyes looking fiercely over the young man's person. Every line in the soldier's face spoke the fearless fighter, well content with himself as an upholder of high principles, and quick to condemn anything that savored of treachery in another. It was easy to see that the soldier believed the civilian guilty, for the man of sudden action is ever hasty in his judgments. It is because of this there are so few good soldiers, for it is seldom that sudden action and quick and keen discernment go hand and hand.

Captain Blanco gazed at the prisoner with that fixed expression of a man who has already made up his mind to do a thing and only awaits the orders of his superior to carry it out. His face was hard set and his mouth was drawn into a straight line, his beard sticking out aggressively before him. Sevilla stood silently at the American's side and showed no feeling in the matter whatever. To him it appeared as a matter of course, and he would do his duty regardless of consequences.

After a moment's silence the general spoke.

"Then you confess yourself guilty?" he said.

"I confess nothing," said Billings.

"You will either give a satisfactory explanation of your movements below, and why you went there, or we will pass sentence upon you without further delay. The vessel is in danger, and we shall leave her this morning. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing," said Billings, shortly.

General Montez looked long and searchingly at the good-looking young man before him. His grave, lean face seemed to become thinner and darker, bringing his white moustache and hair into bolder relief, the creases about his eyes radiating away like the ripples in the wake of a vessel in a smooth sea.

"Mr. Billings," said he, finally, "the evidence against you is circumstantial, but it is enough. Over twenty men saw you come from the main-hatch shortly before the explosion took place. The exploding force was contained in some of the cargo in the upper hold, easy of access, right in the vicinity of your whereabouts when below, for the lower hatches were closed. You

came aboard this ship, when she was about to sail, under suspicious circumstances, and gave no adequate reason for doing so; the explosion takes place, and endangers the lives of all on board and ruins the prospects of the expedition. You are the only man on board, except the passengers and crew, whose motive for coming cannot be accounted for. Therefore, we judge you guilty and sentence you to be shot."

"You are a pack of cool-handed murderers," said Billings, without a tremor in his voice or removing his eyes from those of the general.

"You may take him forward," said the general, quietly.

The three stout Cuban soldiers who held Billings by the shoulders and elbows now snapped irons upon his wrists and led him up the companion-way. Then Lord John seemed to realize the situation, and called out,—

"Hold on there! Stop!"

The men were half-way up the ladder, but they halted at my cousin's voice.

"You don't mean to say you are going to kill this young man on the evidence you

have shown him here,—merely suspicion that he was concerned in the explosion? Why, man, it's nothing but murder." And as he spoke, Lord John advanced toward General Montez.

"There has been no evidence to show him guilty," he continued. "Simply because he came aboard here under strange circumstances proves nothing. Neither does the fact that he was seen coming from below just before the accident."

My cousin's voice was strangely agitated, and I contrasted his appearance, now, to that of the cool, calm, urbane peer he usually was. He advanced until he reached the table, and leaned over it toward the general as he finished speaking.

"The man is guilty, and must pay the penalty," said the general in a strained voice.

Colonel Agra growled out something I could not quite understand, and Blanco turned fairly around and faced Lord Esterbrook.

"I promise you I will not be a witness to any such high-handed proceedings," said my cousin, his generous nature blazing in his

clear blue eyes, and his ruddy face all aglow. I came to his side, and added my voice to the occasion, saying that there was nothing to show that some of the ammunition cases had not exploded from the jar of the falling seas on the deck above them. There were sufficient wrecked cartridge-boxes to have blown the damage done, and it should be attributed to these, unless there was some direct evidence to the contrary.

While I was talking, Sevilla and the men took Billings forward, the latter giving me a grateful look as he turned at the top of the ladder on the main-deck.

"You gentlemen may or may not witness the execution of the sentence of this court," said the general, "but we are decided, and have the captain's permission—to say nothing of our own rights—to try members of this company. Therefore, the sentence will be carried out in a few minutes."

"If it is, I will answer for it that you will stand trial for it if you ever get back to the United States," said Lord John, angrily.

"We don't want any threats," said Agra,

rising from his chair, his glittering eyes searching my cousin's face.

John looked at him silently for a moment.

"I state a fact I will answer for with my life," said he, in a low, even tone.

"Keep your words," said the general, rising. "We will get ready to leave the ship immediately after the sentence is carried out."

Then they all went on deck, leaving Lord John and myself alone in the cabin.

We looked at each other a moment.

"It is of no use to try and fight the matter," said I.

"No, I suppose not; we are too few."

Then we followed the Cubans, and after reaching the deck we climbed to the poop.

I noticed, now, that nearly all the Cubans were armed. They had buckled on their belts, from each of which hung a heavy revolver and the inevitable machete. Many of their rifles were lying about the deck, where they could get at them without much trouble, and I thought this rather strange. War had not been declared between the United States and Spain before we left, and there had been so much sensational stuff in

the newspapers for months, that there appeared no more prospect for it now than ever before. Therefore, I was disturbed at this reckless show of arms upon a United States merchant-ship.

We stood there on the poop in the bright sunshine, and watched the men working until Sevilla appeared coming out of the forward-house. Then the men stopped hoisting out cargo, and even those at the pump-brakes craned their heads as Billings, led by the Cubans, took his place against the starboard side of the top-gallant-forecastle. O'Toole walked over to the starboard side, and Garnett arose from the raft where he was at work with a score of men.

General Montez stood upon the main-deck near the waist, and Colonel Agra stood beside him. They were silent and grave, and they awaited until Blanco came aft with the news that all was ready.

Billings stood alone forward, and all the men who had been at work at the fore-hatch came abaft the mainmast, and six of them were drawn up in line across the middle of the gangway on the starboard side, about

thirty feet from where the prisoner stood. They held their Winchesters carelessly in the hollows of their arms, and looked anything but soldiers.

We could see Billings's face plainly. It was firm set and showed no trace of fear. The breeze played with his hair, and the sunlight shone upon a bright gold collar button at the neck of his open shirt. It was horrible to see a man sent out of the world without more cause than the Cubans had for sending him. The soft, fresh air of the mid-ocean was so sweet to my nostrils that I felt certain a man could be happy just breathing it and being alive. The blue sky, and still bluer sparkling ocean, with its snow-white foam caps glistening away to the horizon, made a picture so beautiful that death seemed doubly terrible on that bright main-deck. I came close to Enoch Moss as he stood at the break of the poop holding on to the mizzen-rigging.

"For God's sake, don't see this thing done aboard here," I said.

His face was like an iron mask, and he did not even look at me. Lord John came

up as I repeated the request, and asked the skipper to do what he could with the general to stop the proceedings, but, in spite of the pleadings of both of us, Enoch Moss was immovable.

"The man's guilty—and that settles it," he finally growled out in no uncertain tone. That ended our pleadings, for we saw nothing could be done to avert the inevitable, so we held our peace for fear of making matters worse for ourselves.

While we were talking, General Montez called the men to attention. Then the order came to aim, and six rifles were levelled at the unfortunate man. Billings looked into their muzzles coolly, with his arms handcuffed behind his back and his legs spread wide apart as if to balance himself with the slow, rolling motion of the foundering ship.

General Montez raised his hand to give the order to fire, and as he did so Billings gave a leap to leeward across the slanting deck. "Crack! Crack!" went two of the rifles and he fell into the lee-scuppers. He was up again in an instant, however, dashing down the water-way, with the men firing

at random after him. Some of them stepped out to seize him, and those to windward had to stop firing for fear of injuring their comrades. He stopped, and with a bound leaped to the top-gallant-rail, now almost level with the sea. Then he turned for an instant and caught my eye, and I shall not forget his look very soon, for there was nothing but contempt and scorn in his gaze. No one approached him, for all hands were so taken aback they stood looking at him while he turned slowly and pitched forward into the foam alongside. I ran to the lee side of the poop and saw him floating upon the surface of the clear, foam-flecked water, some three fathoms from the ship's side as he drifted past. His eyes were open and staring up into the blue overhead, but he gave no other sign of life until he was twenty fathoms or more astern, and then I could see him swimming with his feet and gazing after the "Conemaugh." Lord John and I both watched him until he faded into the sparkling wake astern, and when I looked at my cousin there was a big tear rolling down his ruddy cheek. In a few moments we were

aware of the deep, hoarse voice of Enoch Moss calling us from the break of the poop, and when we turned we found the men getting the tackles onto the whale-boat, and standing by the braces to heave the vessel to.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE were four small boats aboard the "Conemaugh." The whale-boat lying across the forward end of the poop was far the best of all, and was large enough for twenty men to be afloat in upon a calm sea without much danger of swamping. This boat was Yankee built, and was of the kind used by the New Bedford whalemen,—light, strong, and sharp at both ends. She sat high out of the water, and consequently kept the sea out, giving the men in her little trouble bailing. The long-boat, a heavy affair capable of holding as many men, lay upon the roof of the forward-house ranged fore and aft. Beside it, bottom up, lay two small dingies.

The men forward had already gotten tackles onto the long-boat, and had swung it into the starboard gangway by the time we reached the skipper's side. Those at the whale-boat had used the mizzentop-sail downhaul to sling her clear of the poop-rail.

"Let her luff slowly," bawled Enoch Moss to the man at the wheel, and the fellow let the ship's head swing slowly to the southward. "Lay the main-yards aback," he bawled again to O Toole, and the mate, with forty or more men at the braces, swung the heavy yards of the "Conemaugh" for the last time. The ship's headway slackened, and she finally lay drifting slowly to leeward with her nose pointing almost directly for the Bermudas, nearly three hundred miles away. The weight of the breeze still kept her heeled over to an angle that kept the rent in her side level with the sea; but the men had now stopped working the pumps, and it was evident that she was sinking fast. The swell roared in and out of her lee deck-ports at each sluggish roll. The long-boat was quickly swung over the top-gallant rail and dropped alongside in the ship's lee. Garnett attended to this, and also to the two dingies, while Enoch Moss saw to the whale-boat. As fast as the boats were safely landed in the water, O'Toole and the steward had a gang of men pass the provisions into them. The Cubans waited patiently for the

word of General Montez before starting to leave the ship. Then, when Enoch Moss gave the signal, their commander gave the order to leave, and they crowded briskly into the long-boat, carrying their arms and belts of ammunition with them. I expected to hear the skipper protest against this apparently useless weight they carried, but he said nothing. When the whale-boat was provisioned and the water put aboard he told us we had better get into her as soon as possible. I took the hint and scrambled over the side, bidding my cousin follow, and it was with a feeling of relief that I settled myself in the stern-sheets of the dancing small craft and looked up at the white fabric above me. The noonday sun shining on the bellying canvas and varnished spars with the background of dark running and standing rigging gave rise to a peculiar feeling of awe, when I thought that in a few minutes they would be swallowed up in the dark-blue, transparent depths about me. I looked at General Montez and Blanco, who sat beside me, and noticed that they were pale and quiet, and were anxiously wait-

ing for the time to get clear of the ship's side.

But there were many things to be done yet upon the ship's deck. The long-boat had been filled with armed men, holding as many as twenty-five, and the two dingies each had twelve men apiece, besides water and provisions. They shoved off and lay a dozen fathoms to leeward under the charge of Garnett, who sat in the stern of the larger boat and gave his orders. There still remained twenty-two men upon the "Conemaugh's" deck, and only half of them could get into the whale-boat. These, with O'Toole at their head, now strove to launch the raft that lay upon the main-deck.

The great red-headed Irishman climbed to the maintop and coolly made his way out to the yard-arm end to pass the tackle for hoisting one end of the heavy float, while a stout little Dane went racing into the foretop for the other. Then the straps were made fast and the lines carried to the capstan, and those on deck began to heave with a will. It was ten minutes before the raft was level with the bulwarks, and the "Cone-

maugh" was listing heavily to port with her taffrail almost beneath the sea. She was settling fast, and my nerves were strung to the highest pitch as I sat there waiting for those poor fellows who were toiling for their lives. Enoch Moss was down on the main-deck roaring out orders, and my cousin was with him. I saw Colonel Agra's fierce face for a moment peering over the side, and I knew there was one man among those Cubans who was a stranger to the fear of death.

The ship was settling fast by the stern and her bow was rising when O'Toole let the float slide clear of the vessel's side. A half-dozen men sprang upon the gratings made fast above the wash of the sea and took the water-kegs and beef-barrels as they were lowered over the side. In a few minutes all the stuff was aboard and made fast. Then the men were ordered to leave the ship.

Enoch Moss and my cousin came over the poop-rail, now almost level with that of the whale-boat, and as they dropped into her they were followed by as many as the boat could hold. There was no disorder or un-

seemly hurry about the matter. They came over the ship's side and took their places without a word, Those who could not get into the whale-boat climbed into the raft, and there were ten men upon that float before O'Toole, who was the last to leave the ship, climbed over the rail at the main channels and swung himself onto the raft's grating. He no sooner did so than a line was passed to the whale-boat and Enoch Moss gave the order to shove off. Agra stood at O'Toole's side, and it was plain that the man was a trouble hunter, for he could easily have found a place in the boat and let a sailor take his place on the float. This he apparently scorned to do, and while I thought him foolish I could hardly help admiring his nerve. The swell broke and foamed over the raft in such a manner that it was difficult for a man to stand upon it without being in danger of the sea washing him off. It also lurched heavily, and as O'Toole let go the line to the ship Enoch Moss bawled the order to give 'way, and the tow-line setting taut with a jerk all hands were thrown from their feet. Two pitched overboard, but were quickly

pulled aboard again before they drifted out of reach. The rest crouched and clung to the wet grating with the swell pouring over their feet at each roll.

We were hardly ten fathoms from the "Conemaugh" when she began to straighten up end rapidly. Her bow rose from the sea until her forefoot was almost clear of the water, while her stern sank from view. She was all aback now fore-and-aft, and she listed to leeward no longer. Her dropped spanker was beneath the swirl of foam over her poop, when she gave forth a loud, roaring sound. This was the air compressed under her deck which had been forced through the forward hatch, and as it left her she slid rapidly down at an angle, her bowsprit pointing to the sky, the last part of her to disappear beneath the disturbed sea being the tip of her jib-boom end.

For a few moments all hands sat gazing at the place where she had floated but a short time before, and then one by one we looked at each other and about us. The boats in charge of Garnett were near by, rising and falling, now and then disappearing

entirely behind the slope of the swell; but their presence had little or no effect upon that tremendous feeling of abandonment which came suddenly upon me when I realized our situation. The set faces and silent manner of the boat's crew told plainly that the awesome feeling of helplessness and destitution was shared by all hands. There is nothing so appalling in its vastness as the mid-ocean when afloat upon it in a bit of a boat hundreds of miles from the nearest land. The bright sunshine for miles over the sparkling waste only intensifies the loneliness of the scene, and the white combers flashing and disappearing as they roll in the sunlight as far as the eye can reach add to the vastness of the unbroken expanse. The stillness is never perfect while the wind blows, for it gives forth a gentle murmur from the distance, where the countless millions of little seas make and break in uninterrupted succession, and now and again a sea close aboard combs with a loud, crackling, hissing sound that startles the senses.

Enoch Moss set a boat-compass on the bottom board between his feet and laid a

course almost due south for the Bermudas. He gave few orders, and as soon as the boat had her sail set the men took in their oars and settled themselves as low down in the craft as possible and took things easy. My man, William, produced a bundle from under his coat, and, undoing its fastenings, brought out a dry pair of socks, which he insisted that I should put on, as my own had been wet for some time from the water that had splashed and leaked into the bottom of the whale-boat.

"Where are his medicines?" inquired Lord John, in a tone of some anxiety.

"Dr. Jones has them in the other boat," answered William.

Lord John waxed into a rage, and threatened to shunt William over the side after them, for, in spite of our predicament, my health still appeared the chief topic of interest in my cousin's mind.

"Hold on," I said, as he paused in his tirade, "you have fixed me up pretty well so far with considerable discomfort to myself. You needn't think you can add to it any more by forcing down your confounded

drugs into me. If I die, I will certainly hold you responsible for the disaster, but I will not submit to torture."

"No fear," grunted Enoch Moss; "you are in no more danger of dying out here than in your state-room aboard ship. If you do, we will certainly have to eat you; so bear a hand and brace yourself sharp for a few days."

"He looks as if he would eat his share of the grub," said Blanco, smiling, in a more friendly way than at any time since the accident.

General Montez pulled out a small flask, and suggested that we take a drink for the health of Cuba—which we did. As I drank with the old, bronzed soldier, my feeling of repugnance, caused by his hasty execution of Billings, faded away entirely. The plight we were in was bad enough, I thought now, to warrant the execution of any one concerned in the disaster to the vessel.

As the afternoon wore on Garnett and Sevilla drew far ahead, as we were held back by our tow. The whale-boat could not quite head her course under sail free, and

with the heavy raft dragging behind her she sagged off to leeward, and did not make much over a knot or two an hour. Knowing that we could never make the islands at that rate of speed, Enoch Moss decided that the long-boat, which was heavier, and consequently a better boat for windward work under canvas, could go ahead and make the land first, trusting that help would be sent immediately for us upon her arrival.

Night fell upon the ocean, the sun setting fiery red below the horizon line, and the moon soon rose and shone bright enough for us to see the sail of the nearest boat, which had lagged behind to keep us company. Gradually, however, this disappeared, and we were alone upon the silvered path the moonlight made upon the water.

The breeze died away, and the little left headed us off to the eastward so far that we were soon forced to tack ship and stand away to the westward again; for, as Enoch Moss had taken his bearings pretty close before we left the "Conemaugh," and had pricked them off on the charts the boats carried, he wanted to stand along to the

southward as nearly in a straight line as possible, so that Garnett would know about where to locate him if he should be picked up soon or made the land.

The raft was plainly discernible through the gloom astern of us, as the tow-line was short, and for some time we held conversation with O'Toole and Agra. Finally, however, when Enoch Moss announced that all would have to stand their watches, turn and turn about, the shouting ceased, and we began to fix ourselves comfortably. Lord John, who was a good sailor, relieved the skipper of the tiller and took temporary command, and a young dago sailor was made to stand upright alongside the mast, to keep a bright lookout for a passing vessel. I turned in by rolling myself up in a blanket which some one had been thoughtful enough to throw into the boat, and settling myself comfortably against William tried to sleep in spite of the heavy dew, which soaked everything and glistened like rain upon the boat's gunwale. In this position I finally lost consciousness.

CHAPTER X.

I WAS awakened several times during the night by the movements of William, and also when Enoch Moss tacked ship, but, on the whole, I slept quite well. I was startled by a rifle-shot just before sunrise, and, on sitting up, found that one of the Cubans had fired at some object close by upon the surface of the smooth ocean. The breeze had all died away now, and the sea was heaving in long oily swells as smooth as a mirror in the gray light of the early morning. I followed the direction of the man's gaze, and saw a small, triangular, sharp-pointed object rippling through the smooth surface of the ocean about ten fathoms off the port side. Just then a swell of the sea brought the object upon its inner slope toward me, and then, beneath it, I saw a great dark shadow moving slowing away to the eastward. At that instant the Cuban fired again, and the bullet of the Winchester threw up a spurt of water directly over it. There was a sudden

splash, and the water was thrashed to foam, and then the swell rolled under it and brought it on its off-side slope out of sight from the boat.

"Hit him, sure," grunted Enoch Moss, who was now steering.

"It was the biggest shark I ever saw," said Captain Blanco, sitting up straight and trying to see what had become of it.

The swell rolled with the disturbed spot toward us again, but the foam was all that remained in sight. The bullet had evidently done the fish some damage.

In a few minutes the sun's red edge began to show above the horizon, and the streaked clouds above were tinged a beautiful crimson. Far away to the northward a dark streak on the sea showed the beginning of a light breeze. The men on the raft hailed us, and complained dismally of the wet to their comrades in our boat; but they were soon silenced by the mate, who stood upon the grating and swore at them loudly. Then he hailed us himself.

"'Tis a leaky craft, this Noah's ark," he bawled; "and the sharrucks are getting th'

smell av us through th' cracks of it. Ef ye'll lend us th' loan av a couple av oars and some av th' tarpaulin stuff aboard th' boat, we'll try an' devise a sail. 'Twill help us, fer th' breeze is making astern."

"Haul in the slack of your tow-line and come aboard," roared Enoch Moss in reply; and Colonel Agra, with a couple of men to help him, began to draw in the line and bring the float nearer to us.

They were soon alongside, and then General Montez suggested that some of the men in our boat trade places with those on the raft, and give the poor fellows a chance to get dry. O'Toole and Agra came aboard, and immediately took off their shoes and rolled up their wet trousers to rub their legs and get the circulation started. They had been asleep part of the night with their feet in the water, and, although the sea was warm enough not to be numbing in its effects, it was cool enough to be uncomfortable when continually in it.

Agra was quiet and sullen, as were most of the Cubans; but the mate was cheerful. There had been some sharp quarrelling

among those upon the raft, owing to the natural inability of such men to get along under difficulties. Selfishness and meanness, the two most detestable qualities in man, are sure to come forward when a crowd of them are thrown together as we were. The smallest sacrifices as to personal comfort and safety were given as grudgingly by some of the followers of Agra as was possible to witness. This sort of thing had angered the mate, and several rows had been started during the night.

O'Toole sat rubbing his legs with his feet resting upon the gunwale to allow them to get the warmth of the sun, and as he rubbed he talked cheerily.

The young Cuban, José, who stood near the mast forward, still held his rifle ready for a sight of a shark's fin, and O'Toole commented upon it.

"'Tis little use to wait for him to come to the surface again," said he. "An' when he does, it ain't any use to kill him, even if ye got a chance. There's more'n one kind av sharruck in this world, an' it's little use to shoot thim fer th' fact. I've seen some men

mighty little better, an' they belong to th' same breed." Some of the Cubans who had been quarrelling among themselves scowled at him when he said this, but he took no notice. General Montez asked him if he had seen any of the large sharks of the South Pacific, the big man-eaters.

"'Pon me whurd, I've seen all kinds, Western an' Eastern, human an' unhuman, an' they all has about th' same general ornery disposition. Each one thinkin' av nothing but th' fillin' av his own nefarious carcass, an' commingling everything what's good with himself. 'Pon me whurd, I call to mind th' time whin I was with old Broadchin, av th' 'Eagle,' frigate, that I met a couple av human ones, th' kind we call land sharrucks. We put into Valparaiso to let th' men have a run on th' beach. I was captin av th' maintop, an' in spite av th' exalted position I hild, 'tis no use av denyin' that I forgot th' dignity becomin' an officer an' a gentleman th' minit I got th' weather-gauge av a rum-shop. There was a naygur among th' gang. A black-faced moke with a skin a piece av coal would lave a mark on

as white as chalk on a chain-plate. He was a good sailor in spite av th' prejudice against him, an' he took th' handlin' we gave him quiet enough till he got th' run av th' beach. Thin he lit out, an' whin we all came aboard agin he stayed ashore. Th' reward av fifty dollars was posted for th' deserter, an' there was some scurrying on th' beach among th' dagoes to get th' naygur an' th' money together.

"There was a good deal av feelin' worked up betwixt a couple av land sharrucks, who brought as many as twenty men apiece aboard for me to identify. One av th' sharrucks had a smack av th' owld country in his rig, an' th' other was a hook-nosed Yankee from a mile or two beyond th' jumpin'-off place to th' east'ard av th' States. He was th' orneriest-lookin' white man I iver saw, before or since.

"These two fellows worked up so much feelin' betwixt their constitootions, that it was all they could do to keep them asunder. They both kept rum-shops fer th' sowl purpose av feedin' on th' poor sailor-men what happened to come ashore.

"After th' scuffle, th' Yank kept on sayin' nothin' till th' day we sailed, an' thin th' raskil smuggled me a bottle av th' best stuff as ever scratched th' innerds av a man-o'-war's-man. Av coorse I had to drink th' stuff, an' I got so befuddled that I came near fallin' off th' mainyard jist as we were getting ready to pull up th' hook an' clear. Whin I come on deck, I couldn't have told th' captin from th' cook.

"In a minit a boat came alongside with th' Yankee land sharruck an' another man carryin' betwixt them a drunken naygur av about th' figger av th' other land sharruck, but with blue hair an' a face like th' inside av th' galley stove-pipe. They pulled him aboard, an' the fellow claimed his reward for th' deserter jist as we were sheetin' home th' topsails. Mr. McGraw, th' officer av th' deck, called me to identify th' pris'ner, an' whin I looked into his face I called th' saints to witness that I told th' truth, th' whole truth, an' a divil a bit besides. An' I swore he was my man. Th' Yank took his money an' came up an' shook my hand, grinnin' most outrageous as he went over th' side.

"Th' next day, whin th' fellow came to, he started aft with th' lamp-black streaked over his face an' th' ink from his light hair a-runnin' down his neck, an' he demanded to be put ashore immediate. But, you see, he was only th' fellow who kept th' rival rum-shop, an' we was homeward bound round th' Cape, so th' owld man wouldn't hear av sich absurd doin's. He believed both th' fellows were in the game, an' did it to get th' money betwixt them. The fellow stormed an' swore an' raised sich a rumpus th' owld man had him put in th' brig. Thin he began to make allusions to my poor owld mother, an' I gave him some advice on th' quiet he remembers yet. Nothin' would convince th' owld man he wasn't in the game, though I might have gotten him off if he had been civil. As it was, divil a whurd would I say for him, an' th' owld man made th' thing even by sayin' as he had shipped th' raskil for a naygur, so would he keep him one if it took all th' ink an' lamp-black aboard th' ship. He kept his whurd, an' I reckon he used about all; an' th' worst av th' affair was that whin th' fellow was let go at th' end av th' cruise, he

took sich a cold at th' washin' av his head that he died a month later in th' hospital.

"No, sir; them sharrucks is mostly all alike, land an' water. I was th' death av that one, but it ain't no use to kill thim because they are sharrucks."

"Put that rifle away, José," said General Montez, "and bear a hand getting these oars rigged into a mast."

The men were so crowded that it was some time before they could get two oars out and lashed together for a mast to put aboard the float. In the mean time we talked of our prospects, O'Toole keeping up a continuous stream of cheery anecdote as he sat rubbing his legs.

The tarpaulin was finally rigged into a sail for the raft, and by the time it was set the breeze had sprung up astern, giving us considerably more headway. The day was hot, however, and I experienced much discomfort from exposure to the sun. Lord John fumed and swore, getting in a furious humor as the day wore on. Enoch Moss strove to keep some sort of discipline in the boat, but there was a good deal of grumbling. There was

so little room to move about in that every one was suffering from the effects of sitting so long in one position. The water held out, but there was only enough for another day, so I dreaded the scene I knew must follow when it had all been used.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, O'Toole, who had been standing upright alongside the mast of his float, hailed the boat in eager tone, at the same time pointing to the northward. Enoch Moss arose to his feet and stared in the direction the mate was pointing.

"Pass me the glasses," he said to Blanco, who held the skipper's binoculars in his hand. The captain handed them to him, and in a moment he had them focussed upon a point of the northern horizon. He gazed through them a long time, while all of us strained our eyes toward the same spot. As for me, I saw nothing but the line of blue water against the sky.

"Looks like a trail of smoke," said the skipper, finally, passing the glasses to Lord John.

We waited for half an hour, and then a

distinct blur could be seen to windward of us, apparently coming nearer.

The sun was near the horizon, however, before Enoch Moss made out the topmasts and funnel of a steamer standing toward us, the vessel itself being still below the water. Then our excitement ran high. A flag was hoisted upon our low mast with the Union down, to signify distress, and the flying ends were held across the line of vision of the men aboard the approaching ship.

General Montez looked hard at Captain Blanco for a moment.

"If she is an American vessel, these rifles might as well go overboard," said the captain.

"Not to any extent," said the general, with some emphasis. "We are shipwrecked sailors, or soldiers, as you please, and all we want is rescue. What our intentions were when we left New York is nobody's business."

As the sun dipped below the horizon the hull of the vessel rose above it, and soon we saw the sharp clipper-bows and narrow beam of a fast schooner-rigged steamer bearing

down upon us at a clipping rate. She appeared to be coming straight upon us, for in a few minutes we could distinguish her bow wave rolling high ahead of her, sometimes bursting into a smother of white as her forefoot fell into the hollow of a swell and let the following sea roll from under her.

It was strange to note the effect of the presence of the ship upon our party. Agra, a pessimist of the most pronounced sort, would not admit that she would stop to pick us up, but insisted that we fire into her at all events, in the hope of hitting some one. General Montez, on the other hand, was optimistic in the extreme. His dark face, seamed and lined as it was, expressed in every wrinkle the hope he had of speedy succor. He quickly countermanded Agra's order to fire, and sat staring eagerly at the vessel plunging along through the gathering gloom.

Enoch Moss alone remained absolutely silent with his hand upon the tiller until the narrow craft was within a quarter of a mile of us. Then he gave the order to cast the raft adrift and for the men to get out the oars.

It was growing dark, but there was plenty of light for us to see that the vessel was evidently a yacht of large size. Lord John, who was shaking my hand in a demonstration of his appreciation of our good fortune, suddenly asked why the fellow didn't slow down if he was going to pick us up.

"He'll never do it," growled Agra, in a hopeless tone.

I noticed Enoch Moss had an anxious look as the vessel bore down within hailing distance without slowing her speed. He gave the order stand by to back water, as it looked as if the vessel might run the whaleboat down.

"He'll never stop for us, curse him," said Agra again; and it really began to look as if he was right.

The raft was almost under the ship's bow before O'Toole, roaring and bawling like a wild man, seized a rifle from one of the Cubans and began to fire it as fast as possible, in the hope of attracting attention.

A man appeared at the vessel's rail and looked over the side just as the cut-water went storming past the float so close that the

bow wave washed and foamed knee-deep over the grating. Then she went past.

"Fire on him!" cried Agra, and a heavy-set Cuban who pulled stroke-oar dropped the handle and seized a Winchester.

Before General Montez or the skipper could stop him, he had begun a fusillade upon the pilot-house of the steamer, firing shot after shot through the structure to insure notice.

The vessel went past us so close that I could have touched her with an oar, and as she did so men rushed to the side and peered over at us.

Instantly a storm of foam flew into our faces and half filled the boat as her engines were reversed and her screws tore the ocean into a wilderness of white as she drifted past. Then we knew she would stop, and Lord John snatched the rifle away from the Cuban while Enoch Moss bellowed for the men to give way lively to catch up with the drifting ship.

In a few moments a line was thrown to us as we came under the stern, and we were hauled alongside. A ladder was lowered

over the side, and a voice wanted to know what we meant by firing into the vessel.

I looked up the high black side, but could not distinguish faces through the gloom; so I waited until Lord John had gotten well up the ladder, and then watching my chance, as a sea heaved the boat upward, I scrambled up the best way I could to the deck.

When I reached there I was seized and hauled over the rail, and then found myself surrounded by an inquisitive crowd of sailors, officers, and ladies and gentlemen. I looked at the faces about me for a moment or two, shaking hands blindly with all who came near, and thanking them from the bottom of my heart for picking us up. Then all of a sudden a woman came forward, and I found myself thanking Miss Mary Jacquin for being one of our preservers.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER we had been taken below and treated to a bath, Lord John and myself felt in a better mood and more inclined to answer the questions put to us. The men were comfortably quartered forward, and Enoch Moss had the pleasure of meeting an old shipmate in the person of the skipper of the yacht, Captain Cozzens, with whom he took up his quarters.

General Montez and Blanco were soon joined by Colonel Agra, who had managed to curl his enormous moustache into respectable shape, and then we appeared together in the after-saloon, where the ladies were waiting to hear more of our adventures.

Mrs. Jacquin presented her brother, Mr. Cummings, to Lord John and myself, and then his wife and daughter. We introduced our Cuban friends in turn, and soon we were a merry group. A Mr. Tompkins, who was one of the yacht's party, and who was a middle-aged, clerical-looking man of

smooth features, suggested that we might be thirsty. Whereupon a few bottles of champagne and one of whiskey were set upon the saloon-table, and we were invited to refresh ourselves, much to Mr. Tompkins's keen delight. After this, dinner was soon served, and my attention devoted entirely to it until through.

Mr. Cummings was a large man of peculiarly genial temperament, and his wife was exactly his opposite in both size and disposition, his daughter being a rather even mixture of both progenitors.

After dinner, when the spirits were again made ready for use, I noticed a slight scowl settle for an instant upon Mrs. Cummings's face. Miss Jacquin and her mother bade us help ourselves, or signify our choice to the little Jap steward who stood near to draw the corks.

Mr. Tompkins instantly seized upon the bottle of whiskey and held it up lovingly while he asked us if we would partake of it. No one but Mr. Cummings appeared to care for so strong a beverage. He reached for the bottle in an absent-minded manner, but

Mr. Tompkins appeared not to notice him, as he was asking some unimportant question of my cousin. Finally, however, Mr. Cummings turned his gaze from us to the holder of the bottle, and it was passed to him while the rest of us filled our glasses with champagne.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," went the liquor in the neck of the bottle and with a cheerful washing sound into the glass.

"And just to think you didn't know the war had commenced," exclaimed Miss Jacquin at this pause in the conversation.

The clucking sound ceased for an instant, and the bottle was held over the glass in a sort of surprised interruption, while General Montez admitted that we had just heard the important news for the first time.

Mr. Tompkins looked rather pained, and reached slowly for the bottle in Mr. Cummings's hand.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Cummings, his fat, good-natured face beaming with a pleasant smile; "just to think of it; and here we have been bothered to death with those noisy war extras for two or three days before we left

New York." Then he tilted the bottle again and it continued to cluck merrily.

Mr. Tompkins withdrew his hand, his face expressing extreme agony. Miss Jacquin smiled at Mrs. Cummings; then she turned to me and remarked:

"You see, Sir Thomas, if you had accepted our invitation to go to South Africa, and from there on to India, you would have saved time and perhaps some inconvenience. But I suppose you will say that you wouldn't have missed the shipwreck for anything, now that you are safe."

"Yes, considering who are our saviors, I will say that very thing," I replied, laughing.

The bottle had almost ceased to cluck as I spoke, and Mr. Tompkins's hand was stealing toward it, while his face, with its smooth, clean-cut features, wore a look of intense concentration of ideas.

"Yes; but what will we do with you now?" laughed Mr. Cummings, balancing the bottle above his glass while he shook with merriment. "We can't put you ashore this side of Cape Town, for we are running now at full speed to get clear of any Spanish

ships that might be in the western ocean. I am afraid you fellows are in for a long voyage." And he laughed with a great show of pleasure at the prospect of our company.

Mr. Tompkins let his hand fall upon the table with a thud, while a look of despair overspread his countenance. Mr. Cummings then filled the remaining emptiness of his glass, and was about to set the bottle upon the table when it was seized by Mr. Tompkins, who lost no time in taking advantage of its contents to the fullest extent of his tumbler.

"Gentlemen," said he, looking at all of us in turn, "here's to your luck, and may our voyage to the cape be more propitious of good events than yours has been so far." And he raised his glass.

We all responded to this by raising our glasses, and then drinking off their contents without further delay.

General Montez set his glass down first, and looked keenly at Miss Jacquin and her mother.

"I would wish for nothing better than a

voyage on this splendid steamer," said he, still looking at his hostess; "especially with the owners of such a craft, now that I have met them; but we are bound for the Caicos Bank, and from thence to Cuba, so, if it can possibly be arranged, we would prefer, under the circumstances, to be taken somewhere in the neighborhood of that reef, where a vessel will be in waiting for us."

Mrs. Jacquin looked somewhat bored and her daughter frowned slightly, but neither answered the general's remark. They appeared to consider that they had already about fulfilled their obligations by picking the Cubans up and giving them a place to exist upon for a time at least.

Mrs. Cummings looked at Agra's enormous moustache, and asked in a somewhat disagreeable tone why men couldn't get along without fighting for a country no civilized person would live in anyhow, unless they had to. This diverted the colonel from Miss Cummings; and while the Cubans rallied to support their patriotism, Mr. Tompkins regaled himself with a surreptitious drink and relaxed his ownership upon

the bottle, when it was immediately seized by the enemy in the form of Mr. Cummings.

In the mean time, I had taken the opportunity to improve matters with Miss Jacquin, and we were having a very pleasant time of it, when my attention was arrested by a remark of Mr. Tompkins.

"Is your name Zenas, my lord?" said he, addressing my cousin.

Lord Esterbrook looked at him in some astonishment, but said nothing.

"Is your name Zenas, if you please?" he asked again.

"My name is John Esterbrook," said my cousin, in a tone that fell with a peculiar quiet emphasis upon the ear.

Mr. Tompkins seized the bottle from Mr. Cummings's hand and drank a small drink, which he poured out quickly to hide his confusion.

"No offence, sir, I hope," he said, after putting down his glass; "I did not mean to be inquisitive. Zenas, you probably know, is an English name, and belongs to the West Country folk. Mrs. Jacquin has a cousin, a Lord Somebody, who, I have heard her

say, resembled you in many ways, and was a connection of the Esterbrooks. His name was Zenas."

"Oh, yes," said Lord Esterbrook, smiling, "that is quite probable. You must pardon me, I am sure. The fact is, you put the question to me so suddenly I hardly knew what you meant."

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed Mr. Cummings. "We'll have one to show there's no hard feeling. Pass me the bottle, Mr. Tompkins. My lord, allow me——"

And so we chatted on during the pleasant hours of the evening.

"By the way," said Lord John, as the time flew by, and we were speeding steadily on our course toward the Bermudas, "it would never do to let the captain overrun those fellows with Garnett and Sevilla. We ought to come up with them sometime during the night, and it seems to me it would be a good thing to warn him to keep a sharp lookout."

"I have spoken to Captain Moss; but he said he would see to it that we did not pass them," said Colonel Agra.

"You don't mean to say that there are two more officers with you?" asked Mrs. Cummings. "Why, there seems to be nothing but officers to the Cuban army."

"It is a pity that there are not more of them," said the general.

"And may I ask what rank you all have?" said Mrs. Cummings, smiling disagreeably.

"Certainly, Madam," answered the general. "Colonel Agra, here, is a major with the rank of colonel while on my staff. Captain Blanco is a lieutenant with the rank of captain while serving in the same manner. So also is Captain Sevilla. I, myself, have the honor to be a brigadier in the Cuban army. The rest of my men are just plain soldiers,—privates, you know,—who carry rifles and make up the main body of the army."

"But who is this Garnett?"

"Oh, he is not one of us."

"But isn't he an officer?" asked Mr. Tompkins, who was now far gone by close attention to the bottle. "You said he was an officer. Isn't he a lieutenant with the rank

of corporal, or a captain with the rank of major-domo?"

"Yes, I thought you said he was a captain," said Mrs. Cummings.

"With the rank of major-domo?" suggested Mr. Tompkins.

"With the rank of nothing," said the general, in a tone of intense disgust. "He is only a sailor,—a mate of a ship."

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Tompkins, gravely. "A sailor with the rank and pay of mate."

"Let us go on deck for a little while," said Miss Jacquin, and we left the cabin and made our way to the hurricane-deck. As we went, I wondered why the owners of such a fine craft should pick out companions like Mr. Tompkins and Mrs. Cummings to accompany them upon long voyages. When Miss Jacquin and I had gained the deck, we walked fore and aft for some time, stopping now and then at the pilot-house to have a word or two with Enoch Moss or Captain Cozzens, of the yacht. Finally the moon rose high enough to shed a brilliant light upon everything, making the sea like liquid silver in its path. The light had a restful, sooth-

ing effect upon my tired nerves, and soon I had William bring some rugs and cushions aft near the taffrail. In spite of the faithful fellow's warning against the effects of the heavy dew, I spent a long and happy evening.

"Will you really put into the Bermudas to put these men ashore?" I asked, as Miss Jacquin was about to go below.

"I suppose we will have to," she answered. "But will it be necessary for you to leave the ship also?"

"That depends," I answered, evasively, smiling at the question.

But Mary Jacquin did not smile in return. "Good-night," she said, and went down the companion-way.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN I awoke the next morning it was quite late. The strain and excitement had told upon me. I looked about the state-room where I lay, and was aware of my man William stirring something in a glass. Suspecting that the honest fellow was anticipating my return to consciousness, I spoke to him, and was rewarded by having him hand me a stiff drink of most excellent American cocktail.

"About what time is it?" I inquired.

"Very nearly noon," answered William; and I found that by dressing I would be able to lunch with the ladies.

Upon getting on deck, I found that Garnett and Sevilla had been picked up early in the morning, and the Cubans grouped about the forward deck with their arms at hand. General Montez was going among them, followed by his officers, and in a little while the general, Colonel Agra, and Blanco came to the pilot-house, where I was talking with

the skipper of the yacht and Mr. Cummings. Captain Cozzens, of the steamer, was a very interesting man, and was explaining how he had followed the course Enoch Moss had laid for him in order to come up with the two boats. The other boat had evidently been passed, or had headed away from the course agreed upon, so there was little use looking for her any longer. She would either make the Bermudas under her own sail power, or be picked up before long, for the weather promised to hold good for a few days, and they had enough provisions and water to last them some time.

"In that case," said the general, "it seems to me you are heading a little too far to the eastward to make the Caicos Bank. A few points to the southward would help matters."

"Who said anything about the Caicos Bank?" inquired Captain Cozzens. "We are heading for the Bermudas, and will raise the islands before your men will have time to suffer the inconvenience they might have had if they had been picked up off shore."

"I hardly think it would be wise to land

an armed force of seventy men upon British territory," said the general.

"You can leave your arms aboard, and I'll give you a receipt for them. You can get them next year, when the steamer gets back to New York."

"That will hardly answer our purpose," said Colonel Agra, with some show of annoyance.

"I don't wish to appear ungrateful for the rescue of my men," said the general, "but we are bound for the Caicos on an important mission, and must get there shortly. I will appeal to you, Mr. Cummings, to make the matter clear. Or, if Mrs. Jacquin has the command aboard, I will explain to her."

"I really would like to help you in the matter," said the good-natured gentleman, "but I am not entirely in command, although I have an interest in my sister's steamer. It seems to me Bermuda is a good place, and I would be sorry even to part with you there, only your men being along, the yacht would hardly carry them comfortably on a longer voyage, and we are in a hurry to reach port and put the yacht up until the war is over."

"Well, I suppose it is of no further use to discuss the matter," said the general. "We will head toward the Caicos inside of twenty minutes, or I will be forced to take temporary command of the yacht myself."

"And be shot for piracy on getting ashore," snapped Captain Cozzens.

"We will take chances on that," said the general. "You may take charge here with a file of men," he added to the colonel, and he left the pilot-house.

A few minutes later, Lord John came forward in a great temper, saying that the general had gone aft with some men and intimidated the ladies, and that the yacht was to be headed for the Caicos Bank.

A moment later, the steward brought a note to the captain, telling him to carry out the general's instructions in regard to the course they should head.

This was done with some show of ill-feeling on the part of the skipper, and there was a good deal of unpleasantness in his remarks as he had the wheel rolled over and the vessel's head swung to the southward. After this we adjourned to the cabin, where

Mr. Tompkins met us in fear and trembling as we entered.

Mrs. Jacquin was in hysterics sitting in a lounging-chair and her daughter was trying her best to quiet her. Mrs. Cummings was giving the general a piece of her mind, and her daughter was standing in a state-room door looking somewhat frightened.

General Montez left the saloon as Lord John and I entered, but it was some time before quiet was restored and the lunch, which was ready, served. I was so hungry that I was glad of a chance to avoid conversation, but I took keen interest in what was said around me.

"Ungrateful wretches!" said Mrs. Jacquin. "Just to think of this after saving their lives."

"It's an ill bird that fouls its home nest," said Mrs. Cummings, sententiously.

"And a poor wind that blows no good," said my cousin. "I wouldn't worry over the matter, for it is perhaps the best way to get rid of them."

"It's a poor wind that blows its own nest—I mean, it's an ill bird that blows no good,"

stammered Mr. Tompkins in an agitated tone; "but do you really think they will attempt violence? Steward, please get me a drop of brandy; this excitement is very trying on my nerves, and I am upset."

"Oh, no," said Lord John; "the run to the Caicos is only about two days from where we are now. They will remain quiet enough until they get there."

Miss Jacquin said nothing, but as she sat next to my cousin, he began to engage her in conversation on more pleasant topics, and for the first time in my life I had the pleasure of seeing Lord Esterbrook really trying to occupy a woman's thoughts. This I was glad to see, and I did not trouble myself with any ideas in connection with it. Mr. Cummings came below and put the company in a better humor by a description of Enoch Moss's behavior and O'Toole's and Garnett's comments on hearing of the action of the Cubans. The unwelcome officers themselves did not come aft again or thrust themselves into the company of the saloon, but asked to have their meals served with the captain and officers of the yacht.

The day was beautiful on deck, and under the after-awning we lounged, smoked, and chatted all the afternoon. The breeze rippled the blue water with just a gentle ruffling, making it a darker shade on the slopes of the long swells. The steamer, which was very fast, sped along at such a rapid rate that the draught was quite strong, running right into it as we were, making a hat uncomfortable. The flying fish rose every now and then from the sharp clipper bows and went sailing away for a dozen fathoms or more before again dropping into the blue depths. Altogether it was perfect steamboat weather, and we were making the most of it after our hardships.

Lord John sat on one side of Miss Jacquin and Miss Cummings sat on the other. I lounged upon a steamer-chair at a little distance from these young people, and found much to admire and hold my attention. Dr. Jones, who had been picked up in Garnett's boat, entertained the older people with some startling tales of his experience in the open boat. William and the ship's steward placed a table near me, and the honest fellow showed

how adept he could become in mixing the necessary stimulants for an invalid according to American methods. While I was enjoying myself to the fullest capacity and wondering idly if my face was getting as sunburned as my cousin's, Mr. Tompkins joined the group and drew a chair near to me.

"We are to the southward of the thirty-fourth parallel," said he, "and would have sighted the island before night if these ruffians had been civil enough to allow the captain to proceed. It is nearly seven hundred miles to the Caicos Bank where they expect to land, and it will be a three days' run to get there. They might do something desperate in that time, don't you think?"

I assured him that there was little danger, as the officers had the men well in hand, and tried to resume my delightful dream with two very pretty women in the foreground.

"But do you suppose their guns are loaded? They might get reckless and shoot somebody."

I was about to tell him who I wished that somebody might be, but being a guest on board it was best not to.

He saw the bored expression upon my countenance, and tried me on a point he apparently thought would be of more interest to me.

"I am so glad you and Lord Esterbrook do not belong to their party, for Mrs. Jacquin had expressed herself interested in his lordship."

Here he turned and noted my cousin, who was at that moment talking in a most interested manner to Miss Jacquin. Then he gave me a sly look, and asked,—

"Do you really think there might be anything in it? Looks as if there might be, hey?"

"Possibly," I answered, in a tone that was utterly lost upon him.

Then, seeing that the case was getting desperate, I found that I must act in self-defence. "Come," I said, "you haven't shown me over the yacht yet. It isn't often one sees a private affair as magnificent as this. Take me over her and show me her points." And I arose and started forward, with the fellow at my elbow as happy as a boy. We first inspected the engine-room.

At the door we were met by a polite officer in uniform, who took us below where the great mass of polished steel rods, cranks, and pistons joined each other in a horrible din of clashing and clanking metal. How different from the sailing-ship which we had just left to sink forever out of human sight. A few more years and the last of those great, wooden fabrics, made to depend upon the wind for power, would be no more. Steam, that easily-guided and greater power, was fast taking the place of the unreliable winds of heaven. The canals across the eastern and western continents, and the Straits of Magellan, would become navigable for ocean-going vessels; and the dreaded Cape, rising out of the high, rolling seas of the Antarctic Drift, with its bare sides swept by the hurricanes of the South Pacific, would no longer be the looked-for corner to turn, but would fade from the memory of man. Even the class of men known as sailors were changing. The tough, fearless wind-jammer, who carried his life in his hand upon the deck and spars of an overloaded ship, standing by for a call at all hours of the day or night, in winter

and summer, was fast giving place to the seaman who stood his watch on and watch off with unvarying monotony, eating fresh beef and vegetables nearly every meal, and sleeping in a heated forecastle in winter, and having fresh water even to wash in.

Thus I pondered while the assistant engineer pointed out the various parts of the shining monster of steel and described them in tones meant to be heard above the din. But he seemed to think I took little interest, and finally led us on deck again. I stood looking down at the shining monster for a moment just before going on deck, and really the only thing I remembered distinctly intelligible above the noise was the incessant deep and high notes of the pistons and valve-gear, respectively, saying in plainer tones than the engineer was using, "You can't come in, you can't come in." I thanked the engineer for his courtesy, and left him wondering.

"After all, he is not responsible for the manners of his engine," I remarked, as we went forward, and Mr. Tompkins stared at me curiously.

We met the mates of the "Conemaugh" in the forward saloon, where they were talking with the first officer of the yacht and chief engineer. Enoch Moss came up while we listened to their discussions in regard to the war, and it was easy to see how entirely alone the Cubans stood on board. Theirs was a different race, and they were, as Garnett called them, "dagoes."

It was refreshing to listen to the talk of these rough sailors, especially after being associated with them as I had been. They were respectful of every one's position superior to their own, but there was no toadying. I am an Englishman, and am proud of the fact, but I do not like people to hang upon my words and veriest platitudes simply because I happen to be a member of that class of society known as the nobility. With Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Cummings my sleepiest yawns would be snatched up and repeated as remarkable outbursts of philosophy to be treasured for evermore. And, as for Lord Esterbrook, he had merely to say, "By Jove!" or ejaculations of slightly stronger import, and the men mentioned

would appear pleased beyond measure at his wisdom.

Garnett, with the grumbling spirit in every restless old sailor, was holding forth in lugubrious strain on the folly of war. His record was such as to show him much fonder of fighting than eating, although he had a healthy appetite for an old man.

"Serves me bloomin' well right fer a-goin' to sea agin, anyways," he was saying. "I was a good man onct. Here I am blowed up by a lot o' good-fer-nothin' dagoes, an' picked up by a bleedin' hooker full o' leddies and brass-bound sogers what calls theirselves sailors,—no offence, cap'n; but it's pretty bad. I crosses my fingers and spits on my hands five times a day, but what of it? The bleedin' luck ain't changed——"

"Git out, ye owld grumbler," said O'Toole; "ye always was a fine wan fer huntin' leddies, an' now ye're on a leddy boat. Shut up, ye loogoobrous man, ye'll give us all th' blues."

"S'pose I do; you'll get worse than them before ye see the States agin. As fer this bein' a leddy boat, what good is that to me now? Here I am an old man, stove up an'

stove down. I been married six or seven times in my day, an' what good come of it? Nothin' but spendin' of money an' foolishness. I've spit on my hands an' winked both eyes at onct; I've crossed my fingers and toes when my bloomin' feet were so cold I could hardly stand, an' what's come of it? Nothin'. Sink me, not a blamed thing but fightin' an' misery. I was a good man onct, and most women knew it. But what am I now, with this stove-in figger-head an' a list to port? No, sir, I was a good man onct; but there ain't nothin' a-goin' to change my luck no more."

Here Garnett drew forth his little nickel-plated vial and sniffed hard at the peppermint salts therein, while the odor filled the air. Then he rubbed the dent in the top of his head and looked solemnly at O'Toole.

"Ye ware a divvle av a wan fer th' leddies," said the Irishman; "an' come to think av it, I calls to mind th' time——"

"That's what I was," interrupted Garnett. "I was a devil of a hand fer good-lookin' wimmen-folks. Any one of my wives would tell you that." Here he pulled him-

self together and sat straighter, looking around for approbation.

"I was a-sayin' it called to mind th' time I heard av whin ye was mate aboard th' 'Scud,' with old man Cole to give ye yer bearin's. How was it ye niver stayed long wid th' companion av yer choice on that trip?"

Garnett looked uneasy. "You needn't bring out any of your western ocean lies to spring on me. I never seen the 'Scud,' an' never sailed with no such bloomin' idiot as your Cole. If ye're a-goin' to libel me, I'll tell you now I'm good enough fer the likes o' you, so bear a hand."

"'Tis sacred truth I'm a-goin' to tell, 'pon me whurd fer a fact. Its divil a bit besides, an' does ye great credit as a leddy-killer. Faith, it should a cured ye av your loogoo-brous an' suspicious nature. I mane th' time ye married th' captain's ward——"

"It ain't so," roared Garnett, turning upon him; "I never did."

"The captain's ward," continued O'Toole, unheeding, "an' was helped by th' good an' kind-hearted passengers."

"I don't hear you," said the old mate, and he turned his back and smoked in silence.

"Ye see," said O'Toole, "he was a rale leddy-killer, but always suspicious and loogoobrous as he is now, an' whin old man Cole gave him second mate's berth under Graves, what was hung fer all kind av diviltries, he went along th' same suspicious way. 'Tis th' truth, fer I heard th' tale av Cole himself.

"There's no use huntin' trouble, fer if ye do, there ye'll find it, pon me whurd, ivery time. An' here this Garnett started out his first cruise th' same way, an' has run foul av it ever since. Th' lady in th' case was a big, fat, missionary woman nigh onto forty, an' by this an' by that, an' from wan thing a leadin' to another, an' from th' fact she was th' skipper's ward, she spliced Garnett. Sure, it was a case to be proud av fer a sailor. Fer whin she first come aboard she was that polite to every one—bein' th' skipper's ward—that Garnett must be suspicious an' trate her unpolite at th' table. Thin to square matters he talked wid her to ease her trouble, an' th' passengers saw it. 'Twas so he talked wid her on the main-deck after

supper, whin he was that loogoobrous he would niver be seen talking to her at the table. An' th' stewardess, a limb av Satan, was to his mind a-standin' in wid th' first mate, Graves, fer robbery an' such like av th' passengers' mess."

Here Garnett gave a snort and swore to himself, but O'Toole went on.

"There ware two fellers from th' States objectin' to th' way av th' second officer, an' they told Graves, and thin they went an' told Garnett there was no doubt av th' diviltries practised by th' stewardess an' th' rest. An' by th' same token they had him follow her into th' pantry to catch her in th' act of stealin', an' thin Graves heaves in sight an' nabs him right in front av th' passenger leddies' door.

"Says th' mate Graves, 'An' what may ye be a-doin' in th' cabin, Mr. Garnett, durin' yer watch on deck?'

"'Sure,' says Garnett, 'can't a man go below to have spach wid a passenger fer th' space av two minits.'

"'Which wan?' says he, an' the two men passengers came in to see th' news.

"'Why,—why, Miss Square, th' captain's ward, to be sure,' says Garnett, to save his life, an' pon me whurd, at that minit th' door av her room opened an' there she stood.

"'Can't a officer come below to spake wid me but ye must make a lot av trouble,' says she, fierce like, to th' first officer.

"'Sure, an' he can,' says he.

"'Thin git th' great Davy Jones out av here, an' lave Mr. Garnett to spake to me as he wishes. Slant, ye meddlin' villain.'

"An' so he had to slant away; but ye mind he goes straight to th' owld man an' tells him av th' disgrace av th' second officer, a comin' off duty below in th' night to see his ward. An' by this an' by that, th' two passengers corroborated his testimony, fer they ware all in it now together, an' ye see what all come av bein' so suspicious and loogoobrous av every one.

"Instead av th' mate breakin' th' owld fellow's meddlin' head fer his suspicions against th' stewardess,—God bless her,—th' skipper Cole takes him abaft th' mast an' tells him th' news against him.

"'Th' mate,' says he, 'believes ye ware

up to stealin' something, an' 'tis only th' whurd av th' two gents as saves ye from double irons. They say as ye ware visitin', an' so I belave ye say yersilf?'

"'An' that's th' truth,' says Garnett.

"'Thin do yer visitin' in th' daytime, an' let me see if 'tis true ye are a rale true lover. If ye air not, into irons ye go, sure as me name is Jack Robinson.'

"An' so he slaps him on th' back, an' gives him to understand it is an understood thing.

"Thin to save himsilf, Garnett has to pay respect to th' leddy in more approved time an' place, an' th' passenger leddies are pleased wid th' romance. An' thin from th' fact that she was a big strong woman, an'—an' as ug—I mean as good-lookin' as any man could wish, an' from th' fact av wan thing a leadin' to another, she grew like a habit or a wart on Garnett, an' to save himself he couldn't let her go. Fer there was th' mate a watchin' him, an' there was th' stewardess, an' there ware th' two sensible passengers to see the thing through.

"Thin th' time comes and she falls over-

board in a calm. Garnett would let her drown'd, but there are th' two passengers t' see that over he goes wid a line around him to save her. 'Tis a grand time, 'pon me whurd fer a fact, an' Garnett is a hero. An' th' leddie is carried below, an' swears she can't die an' leave th' hero behind, an' so fer a week or more she lays at the pint of death, an' swears to love, honor, and obey that pirit ye see sittin' there before ye. 'Twas a solemn thing, an' ye needn't laugh, an' the skipper says he will tie the knot, an' Garnett swears he's a Catholic an' must be married by th' faith av a priest, an' th' wimmen-folks all says it's so sad, an' th' men that he's a brute—which he is—an' by this an' by that, an' from one thing a leadin' into another he finally has to cave in an' splice her to save her from goin' off in decline."

"It's all an infernal lie," said Garnett; "the woman had plenty of money, an' while it lasted we got along well enough. Sink me, but she's probably makin' dresses fer missionaries now, fer all I knows to the contrary. I never could stand old wimmen if they was poor."

"And how about that one at Hawaii?" asked Enoch Moss.

"An' th' wan at Singapore?" asked O'Toole; but Garnett arose and swore loudly, and putting his pipe in his pocket went below to more congenial quarters.

When I at last got rid of Mr. Tompkins and resumed my place aft, Lord John had gone below with Mrs. Jacquin, and her daughter was alone.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked, smiling meaningly at me.

"Not as much as I hope to," I answered. "Where is Miss Cummings?"

"In the cabin, I suppose. Shall I call her?"

"I merely wished to congratulate you both on having such a fine craft. Do you know, I believe yachting agrees with me. Look at my nose."

"If redness is the sign of health, I think you are right. I don't believe you are very ill."

"I feel better now. Will you come with me and let me show you the porpoises playing under the ship's cut-water? I feel more playful myself, and I need sympathy."

"I suppose as your hostess I can hardly refuse. Come along," she said gayly, and we spent a very pleasant hour between the knight-heads, looking at the cut-water shearing through the blue depths at twenty miles an hour, and the porpoises which came and went, staying for a few moments to enjoy the novelty of the spray shower that was flung off ahead and at either side.

I suppose I was wrong, but life did seem more beautiful than ever before, and I took little pains to hide that fact. Perhaps, also, my physical condition might have commanded some little indulgence. At all events, after three days of similar, often interrupted, propinquity, together with the pleasant memories of Mary Jacquin's society in New York, I came to believe that life as a bachelor would henceforth be unbearable. At the end of the third day, as we sat near the bulwarks alone, looking for the low reef of the Caicos, I was rash enough to express something of my thoughts. The rosy light of the setting sun shone full upon the beautiful girl's hair, giving it the copper-red tint which so well matched the delicate pink

under her ivory-white skin. Her eyes were wide open and looking intently at the dark loom of the reef, and when I had finished there was moisture on their lids. We sat there in silence, for she said nothing in reply, but her hand, which hung over the side of her steamer-chair, touched mine. I held it for an instant and felt a responsive pressure of her fingers. Then the door in the superstructure opened and Lord John walked out on deck.

He came near to where we sat and spoke.

"There is the north key of the Caicos. I suppose we will get rid of some of the passengers here. But I don't see any signs of a vessel."

"Perhaps it is a good thing you don't," I suggested. "If that young man Billings had found any way to let the Spanish know of the destination of these men, and it is quite possible he did for all we know to the contrary, we might run across a gunboat lurking in the lee of the islands and have some interesting adventures."

"It really wouldn't be a bad idea if we did," said my cousin. "I would like to see

these Cubans fight a little, provided they got safely ashore first. A gunboat could shoot them up in great order by running in close to the beach of one of these cays. There isn't cover enough on the reef to shelter a fly."

"Yes; but suppose she should try a hand on the yacht? We are Americans, you know," said Miss Jacquin.

"I forgot that entirely," said Lord John, laughing. "Americans we are surely, but what are those little guns for on the quarter? Can't they shoot, or are they only for ornament?"

"Oh, yes, they can be used, I suppose. But they were only put there for saluting. Captain Cozzens did get some ammunition for them this cruise,—three-pound things, or something like that, made by a man named Hotchkiss. I fired one once at the yacht races, when we beat your 'Valkyrie' so badly, and it frightened me dreadfully," said Miss Jacquin.

"What an able woman you are," said Lord John, laughing; but there was something in his tone that made the color come to the cheeks of the girl. I strolled forward

to watch the Cubans prepare to go ashore, while my cousin and Miss Jacquin examined the little guns which appeared to interest him so much. As I reached the pilot-house I turned and looked aft. Lord Esterbrook was standing close to the young girl and smiling down at her while he spoke. Her eyes were looking straight into his, and the poise of her superb figure expressed interest. They were a very handsome couple, he with his six-foot powerful frame matching her tall, lissome figure to perfection. As I passed the pilot-house window I looked in, and the darkness inside made a mirror of the glass. A loosely-built man with a stoop in his shoulders looked out at me. His face was thin, but his nose was red and sunburned, surmounting his sandy-colored moustache and making it look more faded than ever in comparison. I must have made some exclamation of disgust, for the door opened and Enoch Moss stepped out and stared at me for a moment.

"I don't blame you," said he, "for being disgusted; but you haven't as much to be sorry for as I have."

"Who? What do you mean?" I asked with some show of annoyance.

He pointed significantly at the group of Cuban officers, who now stood on the opposite side of the deck and scanned the rapidly nearing reef with eager eyes.

"Oh," I said, suddenly recollecting myself, "I reckon that is so." And I went forward feeling rather foolish.

Before dark we had anchored near the island in about five fathoms of water, and the Cubans prepared to go ashore.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was late at night before the last of the Cubans were landed on the beach. We had said good-by to the officers in a friendly manner, for the relief of having gotten rid of them was so great that all hands were happy. It was a beautiful, clear night, but as the moon rose late the darkness near the loom of the shore was hard to penetrate.

When the last boat-load of the insurgents was landed, and the small craft had been hoisted again into its place, Captain Cozzens lost no time in getting up his anchor.

It was very quiet along the reef. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, and the only sound that came from it was the deep booming of the surf caused by the heavy ground swell breaking upon the shore.

The yacht's anchor-chain roared through the hawse-pipe as it came up to the fast pull of her donkey-engine. The bell in the engine-room sounded strangely distinct as its sonorous note came sounding up from be-

low. The vessel trembled slightly, and as I looked over the rail the water began to glide quickly astern.

It had been arranged that the yacht should steam away at full speed for the Cape of Good Hope, as my cousin and I were more than willing to accompany Mrs. Jacquin and her party, and the sooner the vessel was out of danger of being caught by some Spanish cruiser the better every one on board would feel.

The Caicos Bank was so close to the Cuban coast that a vessel might easily run over there and scout for filibustering parties, who had more than once made this reef a base of operations against the Spanish.

The dark outline of the heavy, low growth of mangrove trees stretched away on our starboard bow as we sped along at full speed. Enoch Moss, who had agreed to accompany the vessel to the Cape, was standing near the starboard bow with O'Toole, keeping a lookout for signs of a vessel. We had just cleared the North Caicos and opened the heavily wooded point to the southward, showing a clear stretch

of the gloomy channel between the cays, when I heard him make an exclamation to the mate. Then they both went to the man on watch and pointed to a dark object which had just appeared from behind the point, a couple of miles distant.

"Vessel off the starboard bow!" sung out the man a moment later.

Aft, no one was in sight but Mr. Cummings and Lord John, who sat with their feet upon the rail and smoked, for the ladies had gone below some time since.

"Go below and get some ammunition for the quarter-guns," I heard Captain Cozzens say to Mr. Crosby, the first officer, who stood under the pilot-house window. This sounded interesting, so I went to where Enoch Moss was standing on the forecastle-head.

"What is it?" I asked, as I came up.

"Steamer without lights," growled the skipper, in a deep whisper.

We stood there for some minutes watching the dark spot in the channel, the yacht edging away as rapidly as possible to the eastward. Then we were aware that the dark vessel was heading toward us; and when

Enoch Moss lent me his night-glass I could make out a very fast-looking craft pushing a foaming bow wave ahead of her and standing after us under full steam.

"'Pon me whurd, th' feller has an ugly look," said O'Toole; "an' he's drivin' through a pile av combers as if he would make sure av us, fer certain. Ef he's a gunboat, we'll hear from him presently, fer er fact."

As he spoke, I saw a flash of light on the stranger's deck, and a few moments later a sharp scream overhead told of the rush of a shell through the air above us. Then a loud report came floating over the quiet ocean.

We were heading off to the eastward now, so that the stranger was well off the starboard quarter. Whatever she was, friend or foe, it would hardly do to let her come up with us. If she were Spanish, we would make an agreeable prize, and, as there was no way of telling at this distance whether she was or not, we could not afford to let her overhaul us near enough to find out. She might be an American gunboat cruising among the cays for Spanish craft; if so, all would be well if she caught us, for they could take no

offence now at filibustering since war had been declared. But the risk of attempting to find out was too great, unless she got our range better and began to send her shell through us. So Captain Cozzens sent word below to give the boilers every pound of steam they could carry and to drive the engines to their utmost to get clear. The shot had brought Lord John and Mr. Cummings to their feet in an instant, and they were just starting forward to find out who the enemy was when they met the first officer, Mr. Crosby, and half a dozen men coming aft at full speed with cartridges for the three-pounder Hotchkiss guns mounted on the yacht's quarter-deck.

I made my way aft with the rest, and helped to take the canvas covers off the long, thin-looking little pieces. We had hardly gotten the guns clear for action, Lord John and Mr. Cummings lending a hand to help, when a second shell exploded with a loud report right over our heads, sending a perfect hail of fragments upon the deck and superstructure. None of these, however, hit any one; but instantly afterwards a female figure

appeared at the head of the companion-way and screamed in alarm. It was Mrs. Cummings, and her husband hastened to her side to allay her terrors.

The yacht was running along at a clipping rate, and the wide white wake astern roared and hissed with the thrust of the screw, that was now whirling a hundred revolutions every minute. The shrieks from the cabin gradually subsided, and we stood there, a silent group, joined by Enoch Moss and his two mates, who were ready to lend a hand if wanted at the little guns.

I looked at the head of the companion-way and saw Mary Jacquin standing there, coolly gazing at the following ship through a pair of night-glasses. The sight of this young girl, so steady and self-contained under the circumstances, gave me a feeling of responsibility I might not have felt under ordinary circumstances, and I went to the breech of the starboard gun, and, with some authority, insisted on firing the first shot if they continued the attack. Lord Esterbrook went to the door of the superstructure and insisted that Miss Jacquin should go below, out of

harm's way; but the brave young girl would not hear of any such thing. As it was just as dangerous below as on deck, a shell being able to penetrate any part of the vessel, my cousin finally desisted in his persuasions, and stood near her watching the dark object in our wake.

Captain Cozzens came aft and saw that all lights were out, and then went forward again to be at the helm.

The stranger evidently saw we had no intention of heaving the vessel to and allowing him to board, so in a moment he made up his mind to try his guns in earnest, with the hope of crippling us.

All of a sudden, while we watched him, he appeared to give forth a perfect myriad of spitting flashes of flame, and the next instant the air around and above us was alive with the screams of projectiles and the heavy reports of bursting shells. Strange to say, not a shot struck the yacht, and I looked along the sights of the three-pounder with nothing more than the noise to disturb my aim. The rise and fall of the ship's stern annoyed me; but getting the sight finally

upon the centre of the dark blur, and set for three thousand yards, I fired.

The shoulder-piece of the rifle made me jump with the recoil, and the report rang sharp and clear. Almost at the same instant the gun on the port-quarter, sighted by Mr. Crosby, opened, and the fight began.

I had spent much time in shooting and fishing during my many outings, and I was thought to be something of a shot at pheasant or woodcock. This was a time when the practice would be of service, for the lifting of the yacht's stern as she plunged along over the swells made the catching of the sights as quick and hard as that of a gun's on the trail of a darting snipe.

There was plenty of ammunition, and we kept the fire up as fast as if the three-pounders were simply twelve bores.

In about ten minutes I began to get tired. The second officer of the steamer, a long, thin man, wished to take my place at the gun; but I called to Garnett, who had served on a torpedo-boat before and who would be more familiar with the weapon, to take my place. Lord John took his turn at the other

gun, as he was a good shot, and the firing continued.

Up to this time nothing had struck us, although many shell had burst close aboard. Now the fire of the pursuing steamer appeared to be getting more accurate, and, as I stood back from the gun, a shell crashed through the small boat hanging in the davits to starboard, exploding with a terrific noise and sending the fragments flying over the deck, some of them on fire. Another exploded just over the pilot-house, and a fragment tore through the roof and wounded the man standing at the wheel. Captain Cozzens seized the spokes instantly, and the yacht headed along as before.

I started to go to the companion-way to see if William was about, and send him for a small nip of brandy, as I was not feeling very strong, when I saw a figure scurrying around the corner of the deck-house. Hurrying after it, I came suddenly upon Mr. Tompkins with a bottle under his arm and another in his hand, which he applied to his mouth.

"Thish ish dreadful, perfectly dreadful," he said as I approached. "But who cares, I

shay, who cares for those Spanish? I shay it again, who cares?" And he staggered unsteadily against the bulkhead.

"Don't be alarmed——"

I had hardly begun to speak, when a shell exploded against the port-rail, knocking both of us down with the concussion. The bottle Mr. Tompkins had under his arm rolled on the deck, and while he lay yelling with fright I picked it up and walked rapidly away to the smoking-room forward, where I found William and Dr. Jones.

The fire was very hot, and one or two shells struck the yacht in the hull, but thev were small and did no great damage.

In a little while I went aft again. Garnett was bending to the shoulder-piece of his gun, his shirt on the deck beside him and his cap off, leaving his bald head with its deep dent in the crown shining in the night, O'Toole worked the breech while a sailor shoved in the cartridges as fast as he could. On the other side of the deck Enoch Moss was pointing the gun while Lord John worked the breech, Mr. Crosby passing the ammunition, the skipper's deep voice bellowing out

for them to work faster as he fired cartridge after cartridge. It was as much like a battle as anything I ever saw, and the sight was inspiriting.

"'Tis a great fighter ye are, fer a fact, Garnett, but stand back an' let the gentleman try his hand again at th' inimy," said O'Toole. And I took Garnett's place, while that sailor stepped back and mopped the top of his bald head, and drew out his small nickel-plated vial, at which he sniffed loudly.

"I ain't as young as I was onct, ye red-headed sodger," said the old fellow; "but stave me, if I had one of the little twelves we had on the 'Lynch' when we blew up the 'Blanco Encalada', I could stop that fellow. Seems to me, though, he's already falling astern."

Such was really the fact, but we were not out of range yet. The ship was trembling like a live thing under the power of her rapidly moving engines, and the smoke was pouring from her funnel in a dense black cloud as though the firemen were pouring grease and oil into the furnaces. The black smoke drifted off the starboard

quarter and did not interfere with the working of the guns. The weapons themselves fired smokeless powder, and the little dirt they made was instantly blown away from their muzzles by the light breeze. Soon the fire of the following steamer began to slacken, and it seemed that we would go clear without mishap.

"Faith, an' we are a-drawin' away fer a fact," said O'Toole. "We'll teach the dago the onsartinty av things on th' high seas. Four thousand yards and ye hit nothin' but water that last shot."

I set the sight for five hundred farther, intending to keep the fire up as long as it was possible to do any damage. Then I called out the distance to the men at the other gun.

At that instant a shell struck the deck about a fathom abaft the gun-mount and exploded.

It was a twelve-pounder, and it tore up the deck into splinters, hurling a perfect storm of missiles into the men at the port-gun. Enoch Moss was hurled backwards senseless upon the deck, a sailor standing next to

him was pierced through the breast by a fragment of steel, Mr. Crosby had his leg broken below the knee and the breech of his trousers blown away, and Lord John Esterbrook received a wound in the side which penetrated his abdomen and sent him reeling backwards into the arms of a sailor. Altogether, it completely unmanned the gun.

I went to my cousin and helped carry him below. Dr. Jones and William were sent for, and we did what we could to make him comfortable. Miss Jacquin did what she could to aid us, holding a basin and helping to make compresses to put upon the ragged hole made by the fragment of shell. It was the last shot fired, but it had struck us fairly. Another as well placed would have forced us to surrender, as the ship was set afire by the explosion, and it took O'Toole, Garnett, and all the sailors aft to get the flames under. Dr. Jones, who was young and inexperienced in the treatment of gunshot wounds, at first thought my cousin was fatally wounded, but on coming below again, after seeing to the others who were hurt, he appeared more hopeful.

The ship ran along through the quiet night, while the women sat in the main saloon trembling with fright and talking in whispers, praying audibly again and again that the attack would not be renewed. I was utterly exhausted, but I sat holding poor John's hand, feeling it grow hotter and hotter with the fever as the night wore on. At daylight he opened his eyes and asked for water, and after the doctor had given it to him he insisted that I turn in and get a little rest. This I found was necessary, so, when I saw there was no danger of the patient dying for some time yet, I turned in and slept the troubled sleep of an exhausted man.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the late forenoon, when William brought me a cocktail, I got up and, seeing that Lord John was sleeping quietly with Dr. Jones watching him, went on deck.

Under the awning sat Mrs. Cummings and her daughter talking to Mrs. Jacquin, while near them in a state of collapse lay Mr. Tompkins in a steamer-chair. The deck where the shell had struck was being cut up and repaired by the ship's carpenter. Besides this there was nothing in sight aft to show that we had had an encounter with a ship of war.

"Good-morning, Sir Thomas; we were just speaking of you and your distinguished cousin," said Mrs. Jacquin. "We have come to the conclusion that it is best for the ship to return to New York, where Lord Esterbrook can get the best medical attention."

I looked quickly about me and at the after-binnacle, and found that we were indeed

heading to the northward again, and going along at a rapid rate.

"You are very kind," I answered, and to tell the truth I really was very thankful. My cruise at sea had not accomplished much in the way of restoring my broken health, and, aside from my cousin's wound, I would be glad to get ashore again to recuperate a little.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Jacquin, "not only Lord Esterbrook, but our three men here. They are all badly hurt, and poor Mr. Crosby thinks he will lose his leg. Rita, here, has been nursing him, and he says he feels much better in spite of that fact."

The silent Miss Cummings blushed madly at this and got out a little gasp of reproof. She was a good-hearted, sympathetic young person, about as commonplace as one would expect to find in her class of society.

"How is our captain?" I asked.

"The one with the bull's voice? He's all right by this time Nothing but a shock that stunned him. Mary and Mr. Cummings are with him now," said Mrs. Cummings.

I looked at Mr. Tompkins, and he smiled

blandly at me in return. He appeared to remember little or nothing of the affair of the evening before.

"I certainly am indebted to you for your kindness to us under these trying circumstances, Mrs. Jacquin," I said. "I am sure nothing can be better than to get Lord Esterbrook ashore under the care of some skilled physician. We already owe our lives to your generosity."

She looked at me with a queer expression in her eyes, as if she wished the last part of my speech were really true. Then she smiled graciously and bade me say nothing so absurd. I almost liked her as I went forward.

In the forward cabin I found Mr. Cummings and Mary Jacquin talking to Enoch Moss, who sat upon a settee with his head bound up in a towel. He was holding forth in his deep voice, spinning yarn after yarn in high good humor at having gotten clear of the Spaniard. Mary Jacquin and I finally went up to the pilot-house, and from there to the chart-room, where we could talk without disturbing the man at the wheel.

We talked over the exciting events of the evening before, and I complimented her on her bravery in standing so quietly on deck while under fire.

"But you are brave, too," said she, with a look I would not have exchanged for worlds. "You stood to your gun and fought as well as a man could. You will hardly pass for an invalid after this."

"Tell me, Mary,——" I said.

But no matter. It makes little difference what I asked her to tell me. I finally ended by telling her a story that nearly all women have heard at least once, and which nearly all men have told at some time or other.

We spent a happy, selfish hour together, and were only disturbed by the steward announcing that lunch was ready.

After that meal I went into my cousin's state-room. It was a week's run to New York, and he would require careful nursing until he arrived there, for the fragment of steel had not been located, and his wound might develop new complications at any time which might prove fatal.

As I sat there holding his hot hand and

feeling his throbbing pulse, my thoughts were a curious mixture. I was as happy as it was possible for a man to be, for that last hour in the chart-room convinced me how safely my future lay in the path I considered leading straight toward heaven. Then I remembered how Mary had told me how well she liked Lord John. I wondered if he really cared as much for her as I had reason to believe. And then a feeling of sorrow came upon me.

Poor old fellow! How he had stuck to me through all my sickness and taken care of me. Now he was probably dying on account of taking this disastrous voyage in order to help me.

I watched him as he lay there breathing heavily in his fever, and all the early days of our youth came back to me. He had always been my champion, I, the poor sickly boy at school, unable to fight my own battles. How he had swam with me from a capsized boat and dragged me ashore, to continue to live my weak existence under his care. How, on one occasion, while hunting in Ceylon, he had stood over my prostrate

body, and with nothing but his revolver fought and killed a tiger which I had been unlucky enough to wound and infuriate with my rifle. All these things and a hundred more flashed through my mind as I watched him, and when I thought that now I should soon have another friend who would take his place in my thoughts, I saw how lonely he would be. Poor old fellow!

Later I went forward and listened to the yarns of the mates to try and cheer my spirits. Old Garnett's chronic pessimism, usually so amusing, now fell like the growling of an ill-conditioned dog upon my ear. Even O'Toole's rollicking yarns failed to arouse me from the despondent state into which I now felt myself falling.

That night I did not avail myself of the pleasure of sitting on deck, and the next day I actually avoided Mary Jacquin.

She, poor girl, could not understand my temper; and when she visited my cousin with her mother, to see how he did, I blundered on deck like an awkward school-boy.

I found the strain of the past few weeks was beginning to tell upon me, and the sec-

ond day I sat and talked to her from a steamer-chair. Thus I spent the following days, while Lord John grew rapidly better. He was able on the fifth day to be carried on deck, where all of us sat or lounged about in the sunshine, enjoying the cooler air of the northern ocean as the ship sped along toward New York. I lay about listlessly most of the time, and did an uncommon amount of thinking for one so unused to it as I was. I often saw Mary gazing at me in a strange fashion, as if wondering what had come over me. But I remained quietly in my steamer-chair, and let my cousin hobble about with her along the deck until the color came back to his usually ruddy face and he looked something like himself.

Miss Cummings showed a marked degree of interest in listening to the conversation of her mother and Mrs. Jacquin, so that I was much of the time under no necessity to talk to any one.

The day before we sighted New York I was more than usually melancholy. I could see how Lord Esterbrook's sentiments were tending, and this fact did not tend to make

me any less so. He, with all the born inability of a true Briton to penetrate other people's affairs, appeared to think I was enjoying myself and accumulating more energy than at any time within the last few years.

At times I was almost angry at myself for allowing him any consideration at all. It was a recognized law that all men would and should cut for themselves in matters of this kind, and it was foolishness for one to show consideration for another when he might expect none in return. I finally came to this conclusion, and insisted on renewing my pleasure in this respect the evening before we reached harbor. Mary demanded an explanation of my conduct during the last few days, and my cousin was so put out of temper at not having her to himself that he would hardly speak to me. Later I saw him talking earnestly with her before she went below, and I saw that I had simply brought things to a crisis.

As I lay awake that last night aboard, I thought the matter over carefully, and decided at last on my future.

It was absolutely wrong for me to marry with a disease which had so strong a hold upon me as the one from which I suffered. I would leave a tainted family behind me, children weak and worthless for the life before them, all for the supreme selfishness of enjoyment. They would curse me if they knew how absolutely careless of their welfare I had been. It was hard to go out alone, but I must be the man my birth and position should make me. I would do the best I could.

Just how I could get away from the issue of the affair was a question of some importance. I tried to think what to do, but nothing rational would suggest itself. If I went away without saying anything, Mary might not understand that I meant a separation, and, even though we had known each other less than two months, she was the kind of woman that might be unhappy until she was sure she understood aright. It might defeat the very object I wished for.

The more I studied the matter the more hopeless I became entangled. Every possible scheme for dropping quietly out of affairs suggested itself to me during those

long dreary hours I lay awake in my comfortable bunk. I watched a barometer in the corner swing slowly to and fro with the slow motion of the rolling ship and concentrated my thoughts until my head ached.

If I should commit suicide it would be a good thing for me, but there was my poor mother, who had a right to some consideration in the matter. If I went away, Lord John was certain to follow me and finally locate me before he would think of doing aught else. Then would come a necessary explanation, which would tangle up the whole matter a little worse than before. Altogether, I was at my wit's end when I heard the gong of the engine-room strike and the steady throw of the pistons come slower and slower until a quiet settled upon the vessel. We were abreast of the light-ship, and Captain Cozzens was stopping for a pilot. I arose and looked at my watch. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning. No one would be about in the saloon before eight or nine, and if I left, my absence would not be discovered until an hour or two later. William seldom dared to call me before ten.

I shaved myself as carefully as possible in the dim light of the saloon-lamp which came in the open door of my room, and after cutting off my long moustache I hardly knew myself in the shaving-glass. I packed what money and valuables I needed in a belt, and dressed warmly, putting a small flask of whiskey in my pocket. Then I sat down and wrote a short note to Lord John. It read thus,—

SANDY-HOOK LIGHT-SHIP, THREE O'CLOCK A.M.

DEAR JOHN,—My disease has become so acute that I can stand it no longer. I leave you here.

T. A.

The rolling motion of the ship had ceased, although the vibrations of her engines had begun again, telling me plainly that she was now crossing the bar very slowly and waiting for daylight, so as to be allowed to pass the batteries. Then I slipped on deck to have a look around and see what I could do.

All was dark aft and not a soul was visible. I peeped out from behind the superstructure and could just make out the form of the

man on the lookout forward as he walked to and fro across the deck. To leave the ship without being seen was next to impossible, and I began to despair. Then two figures appeared coming down the deck to starboard, and I recognized O'Toole and Garnett. The idea I had of swimming ashore as soon as we got closer in I had to abandon, for I knew these men would notice anything.

CHAPTER XV.

THE sight of the mates made me feel foolish. All the boldness of my undertaking appeared to me as most absurd, and if I had not already cut off my moustache I believe I would have abandoned the enterprise then and there. It was now too late, so the only thing to be done under the circumstances was to take the sailors into my confidence. It was the war that had brought them on deck at this hour, and they had come up to see if any remarkable changes had taken place since they had left.

I suddenly stepped out of the deeper shadow of the superstructure and confronted them.

"Come," I said, "I want to see both of you for a few minutes."

They appeared a little surprised at my greeting, but, evidently thinking that I was on deck for the purpose of noting the defenses, they said nothing and followed me aft.

We went behind the covered wheel on the quarter-deck, and I drew them close to me.

"O'Toole," I said, "I need your help. I must get ashore without any one finding it out."

Garnett removed his cap and rubbed the top of his bald head softly with the palm of his rough hand, grinning weirdly in the night at me.

O'Toole looked hard at me for some moments, and then spoke.

"'Tis no easy thing to do," said he, "but I will lind ye all th' help I may, fer I've no doubt ye desarve it, 'pon me whurd fer a fact, I do. Beggin' your pardin', but do ye wish ter be missin' in the mornin'?"

"Yes," I said; "and if you will help me in the game, I'll do you a much better turn later on——"

"Och! No matter about that, say not a whurd. 'Tis a poor man who won't help another in a fix. Av course I know how th' thing is, so let us have th' lay av th' case, and we'll see you through, 'pon me whurd we will."

"No fear," said Garnett, grinning horribly at me.

There was nothing else to do but tell them that I must be a suicide for a couple of months, and I explained how I must have fallen overboard outside the light-ship. They promised to swear faithfully to this, although, of course, they must not have seen me do it. As they had been on deck since sighting Sandy Hook, they could say they had seen me appear about that time, and had seen me no more. They would smuggle me ashore in a long sea-chest belonging to one of the men. Garnett would procure this for the occasion by getting it under the pretence that it would be necessary to hold his outfit saved from the wreck of the "Conemaugh." He and O'Toole would release me under one of the piers, where I could escape uptown unobserved.

Half an hour later my plan had progressed so favorably that I was smuggled forward and packed into the long chest, which was left partly open in order that I could breathe. The hours dragged slowly along, and were uncomfortable enough for me as I lay there,

half smothered and cramped, in the box. Somehow the yacht could not cross the mine-fields, and was delayed until quite late in the morning before getting into the upper bay. It was after nine when O'Toole came along and volunteered to take Garnett ashore in a small boat, along with his chest.

"'Tis a most remarkable voyage ye've had, 'pon me whurd," said the mate to me, when he reached the chest, with no one else nigh.

"Remember," said I, "for two months, at least, I'm a dead man."

'I pass me whurd, sur; an' may ye live long an' prosperous. 'Tis a good man ye are, fer a fact,—barrin' a bit av a cough."

Then Garnett came up, and grinned as he touched his forelock.

"Ye have the sympathy of a man who ain't what he used to be," said the old sailor. "There was a time when I might have been in the same fix myself. Wimmen are the devil,—an' I knows it."

I swore quietly, but told them to make a start. Then, each taking an end of the chest, they carried it on deck and prepared

to sling it carefully to lower it into the small boat alongside.

I heard the sound of the tackle and at the same instant my cousin's voice asking who was going ashore. He was accompanied by Enoch Moss, who asked Garnett where he got his chest.

The skipper was not in a mood to be trifled with, and the second mate's answer apparently did not satisfy him. He strode to the chest and lifted the lid. I rose up like a spectre from the box's depths and stood before them.

It was the strangest moment of my life. The full force of my ridiculous deception came upon me, and the position of an English baronet hiding in a box with the connivance of two sailors was clear before my eyes.

Enoch Moss started back for an instant, and burst into a loud guffaw, in which he was joined by Garnett. O'Toole smiled broadly. Lord John's face was a study, but no smile played upon his lips.

As I stood there, the absurdness and humiliation of the affair burned deeply within me.

I could not laugh and turn it aside. To me it was all tragedy. I had started out with the purpose of making a sacrifice that would make matters easier for us all, and in the desperate nature of things I had simply made myself ridiculous. I had suffered much, but this crowning humiliation was more than I could bear.

I looked at Captain Moss, and he stopped laughing.

"William gave me your note. Would you mind coming aft with me?" said Lord John.

I followed him without a word, my anger burning hot within me. When we were alone he spoke.

"I have noticed your actions, Tom, for some time past; but I think you owe me some explanation for your most peculiar and absurb behavior this morning. Is it your wish to avoid me that makes you resort to methods hardly in keeping with the position you occupy in society? I don't know what I have done to offend you, but it seems to me you stoop to things——"

"Hold on," I said, for I could keep silent

no longer. "You have said about enough. Let the matter drop, I beg you." The tone of my voice was irritating. Lord Esterbrook looked at me.

"We will let the matter drop after you have answered my question," said he. "There are some things that need an explanation, especially when an English baronet stoops to things that are not exactly honorable. Deception is not practised among gentlemen of your rank and station."

"What do you wish to know?" I asked, in exasperation.

"Why you should try to lie to me this morning."

"Esterbrook," said I, quietly, "you are an ass. Don't insult me any further——"

"I may be an ass, but I don't lie to my friends——"

"And if you repeat that word in connection with me I will take some pains to make you sorry for it," I snapped out, going close to him. I had lost control of my temper, and was so furious at his remarks and at the way affairs had turned that I was on the point of striking the best friend I ever had. He saw

my movement, but gazed coldly at me. He was no longer the cousin I had always known. There he stood, silent, grim, austere. That Miss Jacquin was really the cause of our trouble he was aware, of course, but he apparently could not understand why his attachment for her should make me feel differently toward him and wish to make me leave him in the manner he just caught me attempting. The girl's name was not alluded to in any way whatever.

"I think, Tom," said he, slowly, "that it will be just as well if we separate for a time. You can call your actions anything you wish and defend them in any manner that suits you. I do not care to discuss them with you any further."

"It is best so," I answered. "We will part here."

I was about to hold out my hand, but Lord Esterbrook turned shortly and went into the cabin. He was very pale and weak from his wound, and my heart smote me as I saw his tall figure disappear through the cabin-door, swaying slightly as he walked.

I went to my state-room and dressed care-

fully, bidding William prepare to go with me immediately.

I met Mrs. Jacquin and Mr. Cummings, and, after thanking them for their hospitality, had Captain Cozzens put me ashore with my man, without making any further explanation. What they thought of my leaving so suddenly I do not know.

CHAPTER XVI.

I WANDERED about the city of New York for several days like a lost man. Lord Esterbrook, who had always been with me in my wanderings, I now missed more than I deemed possible.

I had tried to do what was best. At least, I believed it was best. Whatever folly I had committed in my weakness, I had determined to overcome as best I could. But I was very lonesome. I pondered upon the passion that breaks in upon the friendships of men, and the more I thought the more I suffered. It was the old law of selection asserting itself, implacable, unrelenting, and imbued with that strange force that invincibly carries it to its goal. The life-long love and friendship of men was cast aside, and the almighty force that has swayed the human race through all time came to claim its material to work with.

Yet I do not wish to pose in this narrative as a martyr. I had not even done my duty

as a man, and I loathed myself for the questionable means I had taken to get myself out of the difficulty. I don't think any man with the slightest sense of honor would have given way to his own selfish desires in the matter. I had consumption, and I knew it. It was in my blood, and all thought of marriage was out of the question. I was not an abject cowardly scoundrel. So the sacrifice I was making was barely my duty, and I knew it. In spite of this my sufferings were none the less, and indeed they were perhaps greater than had the case been otherwise. I had heard of the "sick man's hope," but in my case hope was dead.

During these days while in my lonesome suffering I turned toward what religious consolation was offered. It did not satisfy me, and I wandered forth again to find other relief besides suicide.

I thought to work and wrote up this diary or log, but my mind forever came back to the one thing nearest my heart, and I would have to put down my pen or book.

William was ever my faithful and constant companion He took care of me

always in a manner that was truly noble in its devotion. Once, when I had become desperate and had taken out my pistol from the trunk where I carried it, he had pleaded with me to give the weapon to him, and I had done so. After all, suicide was only escaping from my sufferings, not facing them. It did not seem cowardly to me to wish to make my escape in this manner. A man who can deliberately take his own life without fear of the consequences of that disagreeable jump in the dark is certainly not a coward. I know some people would say so, but they are those whose very fear would make them hesitate at the brink. No; a man who can do this coolly and without fear can only be classed as a brave man. Yet the man who has the courage to do this freely and with a clear mind, and who will refrain and face his sufferings for motives not entirely selfish, is braver still. His courage is of a finer grain, and this fact appealed strongly to me.

It is not interesting to be bored by my misfortunes, but I feel that I would be leaving out the principal part of this log if I

failed to set down a few of my sufferings. If any one objects to unpleasant things and wishes to hear of nothing but happiness, believing there is enough trouble for all in this world without bothering about other people's, they, of course, should never read a narrative,—that is, a narrative covering any length of time in a person's life.

During three weeks spent in this fashion I had seen or heard nothing from Lord Esterbrook. As far as I could find out, he had accepted an invitation to visit the Jacquins at their country-place, and was no longer in the city.

After a little, when I had made up my mind to live along as best I might, and let God, the almighty power who has made and who carries out the inflexible laws of the universe, direct my way farther in this world, I began to have a strange fancy to wander among the docks and look at the ships. I would watch the men upon their decks, and find some interest in the labyrinth of spars and rigging which put me in mind of the "Conemaugh." I liked to see the fellows scramble aloft and send down sails and

gear, and fit the ships for either dock or sea.

One day William and I found ourselves upon a long East River dock, where two large ships were loading. The men were very busy at the hatches, and the creaking of blocks, the beat of the engines lifting cargo, coupled with the cries of the longshoremen, made an interesting picture for one who might take interest in human affairs. Here were swarms of men as busy as ants, working, sweating, devoting their entire energies to the trivial and commonplace thing of loading a ship's hold full of cargo for some people they would never see or even hear about. Yet they struggled manfully at their task, with the absolutely certain knowledge that they would profit solely to the extent of a dollar or two, which many of them would spend in the night purchasing poison to accelerate their heart throbs and cause them to forget in the temporary exhilaration the labor and suffering in store for them on the morrow. Why did they do it? What earthly good accrued to them through their efforts?

It seemed absurd to me as I watched them; and I wondered at the power that could make a human creature oblivious to the absolute uselessness of his existence. Did we owe something to those who would come after us that we should live on and on, struggling, striving, vainly attempting to secure the accomplishment of some trivial object called ambition? If this were so, why should the object be one that would appeal almost solely to the immediate selfish interest of the being? Why should the poor human be so deceived? Would he fail to do his duty, that the duty must be disguised so that he would attempt it, only to find out too late his error? Surely there was no use living for the pleasure of breathing and eating. It was interesting to see the men working, and I watched them sadly, with William, ever ready for some suggestion, at my elbow.

Suddenly I saw a man peer over the taffrail of the larger ship, which was American, and scan us closely. We were under her high stern, and while I looked up to see what manner of man interested himself to

such an extent in our presence, I was greeted by a familiar deep, bass voice.

"Good-day, Sir Thomas—Mr. Alexander! Looking for another ship?"

I looked again, and made out the face of Enoch Moss peering over the ship's taffrail with an exceedingly humorous and interested expression upon his rugged countenance.

"Come aboard! I'm laying low, so to speak, until the war gets in full swing. They made a bluff at sending me up for our adventure; but, no fear, they ain't a-going to bother a man much now. Come for'ard to the gangway and bring Billy with you."

Here was a man whose magnetic force attracted me. The very uselessness of his existence amused him, and it gave him pleasure to play with life as one would play with a small stake at cards. The very desperateness and uselessness of his condition caused him decided enjoyment, especially if he could play it off against a great danger for some trifling gain. He apparently cared nothing whether he won or lost in the transaction as long as he was interested enough to enjoy the action. His humor was per-

vading, and I found I could be interested while under the spell of his forceful nature. I walked to where the accommodation ladder was swung over the vessel's side onto the dock and started to ascend, closely followed by William.

Enoch Moss met me at the gangway and piloted me aft.

"How's this for a clipper to make a Spanish prize, hey? I'm going to take her to Calcutta next week, war or no war," said he, when we reached the quarter-deck.

"You'll most likely be taken before you cross the northern tropic," said I. "The Spanish fleet at the Cape Verde will just about meet you midway as they come across to relieve Cuba."

He smiled hopefully at me.

"What makes you in such a hurry to get to sea again, and how did you manage to get another ship so quickly?" I asked.

"Well, you see it don't do for me to hang around here too much after that affair,—and one a little before it. Belcher, North, and West were a little afraid they might get into the fracas, so I told them the best way to

keep out of it was to get me a ship and let me get out as soon as possible to be out of the way. They found one. She's pretty smart, and she's the only one loading for sea in the river. I don't expect trouble now; but look at that fellow there by the wheel and tell me if you ever saw such a skeery-looking priest or sky-pilot aboard a decent ship."

I looked at the man indicated and something in the fellow's movements appeared familiar to me.

The man was fixing the compass clamps in the binnacle, and he had a strange expression of intense interest in his own affairs. His face was clean shaved, and the rugged lines in his bronzed jaws wrinkled and stretched under the active action of thoroughly masticating a quid of plug-tobacco. His little gray eyes had anything but a holy expression in them, and the lines and wrinkles that stretched away in their wake, like the fan-shaped ripples caused by a vessel moving through smooth water, appeared to have been developed by a combination of rum, whiskey, and a habit of concentrating the gaze upon some distant object. In spite of this, he cer-

tainly had, as the skipper said, something of the bearing of an ecclesiastic; just what, I cannot recall; but while I looked at him he shifted his bow-legs from behind the binnacle and stood forth. Then he politely touched his forelock and, looking at me, grinned hideously.

"Glad to see ye again, sir; and sink me if I ain't sorry you ain't booked for this voyage. Five t'gallant-yards and a cabin like a liner's. Most uncommon fine for passengers what is passengers," said he.

Then I had no difficulty in recognizing the second mate of the "Conemaugh," Mr. Garnett.

"You certainly are an artist," I said, smiling. "Did you ever try the stage? You would pass for almost anything without any great trouble at getting up."

The old sailor grinned. "I've been most everything," said he, "and a good many things I ought not to have been. As for acting on a bloomin' stage, why, stave me, it's dead easy alongside o' being a mate under a red-headed ijiot like that heathen O'Toole."

"Is he aboard here with you?" I asked, for I actually began to feel an interest in my shipmates, and in spite of my melancholy I could not forget these sailors who had acted so bravely under trying circumstances.

"Oh, yes," broke in Enoch Moss, pointing to a man on the forecastle, "that's him, the red-headed fellow with the long black moustache and whiskers piping away to those bullies in the forehold."

"Yes," said Garnett, "that's him, and that's my set o' whiskers, and he's a bloomin' disgrace to them."

"I'll call him aft," said Enoch Moss, "and being as we are all of a mind, and old friends and shipmates, there's no reason why we can't go below and sweeten our bilges,—just to remembrance, like."

He looked askance at me while he spoke, evidently fearing that he might offend me by asking me to drink with a mate.

"By all means," I said, "call him aft, and let us be friends while we may."

The skipper's stentorian voice roared above the noisy engines and rattle of tackle, and in a few moments O'Toole was with us.

"By th' faith av th' saints, I'm right glad to see ye again," said the big Irisman. "'Pon me whurd, fer a fact, it seems like an old shipmate ye are, fer sure," and he held out his great bony hand.

"We'll observe a few formalities now," said Enoch Moss, with decision. "Where's your friend with the title?"

I made no reply to this last question, and the skipper eyed me keenly as he started down the companion-way. He was sensible enough, however, to say nothing more relating to Lord Esterbrook; and, when we all drank together, the conversation turned upon the war and the chances of taking out a cargo without being captured by some Spanish cruiser.

Enoch Moss warmed under the influence of his own spirits. He became respectfully familiar, and finally swore he would give a good deal to have me make the voyage with him, even if I had to take my "man nurse" —as he termed William, who had remained on deck—along with me.

"Ye had better come with us," said O'Toole, who now, as he was below, had

put the whiskers in his pocket. "'Pon me whurd, it will do ye a great good, fer a fact. I onct knew a man what was cured entirely av a cough in air av the fresh salt sea."

"As for me," said Garnett, "I votes with the rest. I've been a few places and seen a few things in my time, but for a place to forget in, and a place to think in, and a place to all around suffer hardships and enjoy life in, give me a clipper-ship, with mates as has got some sense. No, sir; blast me if the sea ain't the best place for a sick man to be in,—with the trade a-blowin' over the water from God knows where, and the little white scud a-flyin', and the little white foam-tops a-bustin' on the blue for miles and miles away to windward. Ye hear the song o' the trade-wind a-pipin' soft-like in the daytime an' in the mid-watch at night. And ye hear the roar when it comes down on ye off the Horn or West Indie Gulf. From a man of some little experience, and who's seen a thing or two, comes the advice to sign on. That's my say."

"An' a divil av a long rigamarole have ye made av it," said O'Toole; "but fer onct

th' owld pirit is running as close to th' wind as an evil an' pervarted mind will allow."

"If you don't mind the risk, come along," roared the skipper, scowling at the mates.

"I'll do it," said I, feeling some little interest in these men, who had no object to wish me with them other than pure friendship. The idea of having another voyage was not distasteful to me, in spite of my late experience.

"I'll go," I repeated, smiling, and Enoch Moss seized my hand in a hearty, powerful grip.

"An' may th' saints be with ye, fer it's a rale true gentleman ye are, sir, if ye'll pardon my saying it, in spite av yer cough," said the mate.

Garnett touched his forelock in token of respect and raised his glass. Then we drank together. O'Toole replaced his whiskers and we went on deck.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WEEK after my meeting Enoch Moss I came aboard the "Pharos," which was the vessel he was to take out on this risky voyage. It was risky because any Spanish cruiser could overhaul and capture her without difficulty. We went to sea without mishap, dropping down the bay in the evening to await the morning tide.

The sun rose bright and glorious, and as I came on deck it was sending its golden rays glinting along the brass poop-rail and making the large globe of the polished brass binnacle resemble a ball of fire. The topsails hung in folds from the yards, with their clews hauled up, and the moist salt-dew shone glistening upon the white canvas. All the running rigging was being overhauled, and both it and the shrouds and backstays were wet and dark, looking like an intricate fabric of black rope. The masts and spars, well oiled and scraped, shone against the white background of canvas. Forward, the men with O'Toole

were manning the brakes to get out the anchor, while Garnett and some others were passing a line to the tug-boat that was to take us across the bar. A thin smoke from the galley stove-pipe told that the cook was busy getting breakfast.

While I gazed with dawning interest upon the beautiful fabric and more beautiful bay, a man heaving down on the windlass broke forth in a lusty song, the rest joining in the refrain,—

"A dago sailed from Spanish town,
Singing, Yo, ho, ho, oh, blow a man down!
A dago sailed a skagerack,
Hooray for the Yankee Jack
Waiting with his yard aback,
Soo-aye, hooray, oh, knock a man down."

At each "down" the men roared out and hove with a will upon the windlass bars.

Enoch Moss came on deck and took command with the same spirit and energy that he had shown on board the "Conemaugh."

Fate is a strange ruler, and as I looked at the strong skipper my own hard lot seemed less cruel, and struck me as being probably

for the best. Some men are chosen to perform certain duties in life. Apparently the choice is not of a kind that would meet with popular approval, but then human judgment is apt to err, and in the great progressive evolution of human affairs the choice of fate must be recognized.

Whether wisely or not, fate had chosen Enoch Moss to be nothing but a master of a deep-water ship. He certainly would have made a better admiral than many I have met, for he ruled his vessel with an intelligence and decision not to be found among the ordinary run of sea-captains. There were probably some trivial incidents that had affected this man's life and made him what he was. People scoff at the small things that affect the life of the average layman, but they are astonished if told how the same unimportant events affect the lives of great men also. Perhaps his was not analogous to my case, but I preferred, human like, to think so; at least to the extent that the cause of his set-back was something he could not himself avoid, and which was so trivial that it affected others little or not at all.

"This is our home, Sir Thomas," said he, as he came near where I was standing. He had at last learned the customary mode of address to a person of my rank, and always afterwards addressed me accordingly.

"This is our home," he repeated, "and we will turn to and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. We'll be out a long time, unless we have some uncommon luck."

"I hope we will find it a comfortable one," I answered.

"That's as how we choose to make it. If we take interest in the voyage of this old hooker, we'll have a comfortable enough time. I've seen voyages, though, where a man has everything lucky, and still go half mad with the monotony. I'll get you help me take time-sights and a whole lot of things when we clear the land."

"I'm at your service," said I, smiling.

And so we started in with plenty of easy work before us, the novelty of it gradually taking my fancy, and, before we had crossed the line, Enoch Moss and I were the best of good friends.

I will not set down the many unusual events

of that voyage. They were strange enough, but out of place in my log, which I considered little use to keep any longer. I have narrated the loss of the "Conemaugh," and the events that bore so much upon my life at this period. I do not intend to write my biography. Our run to the Cape was unmolested by Spaniard or foul weather, and the old ship, decayed past insurance, promised to make her voyage in safety.

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I will set down to-day what has happened, for it is strange, and if any one ever gets this log it might interest them to hear of it.

We are some distance to the southward of the Cape of Good Hope. The high-rolling sea is running rapidly from the southeast. There is not a breath of air, and the sky is covered with a thick haze. It is a very strange day, and the glass has fallen half an inch in the last twenty-four hours. The sea has the quick run to it that tells plainly of an approaching storm of unusual vigor.

A giant albatross has been following the ship for nearly a week, and during the calm,

to-day, it came within ten feet of the captain and myself while we stood talking on the quarter-deck. Its great black eyes looked hard at us as it soared slowly and noiselessly past.

Enoch Moss gazed at the bird and was affected by its look, for, in spite of this man's sturdy qualities, he is superstitious. All sailors are so to a certain extent.

"Do you know, all ships, like men, have their day?" said Enoch Moss, inquiringly. "It's a fact. There was the 'Silver Sea' I had for ten years. O'Toole and Garnett were both aboard her when she caught fire in the Indian Ocean and burned till she sank."

"Well," I answered, "a ship very naturally can't last forever."

"Of course not; but somehow I feel this hooker has sailed her last cruise. I don't mean to say that this calm means anything of a fracas coming, but I just feel that way, and if we land this cargo I'll be a mighty astonished man. I don't mean to make you uneasy. I don't believe your knowing we were out for the last time would make you so. It's just the way I feel."

I was much astonished to hear the skipper talk in this strain. He had never spoken this way before, and I tried to think what could depress him to the extent of causing him to make such a statement, with the probability of having me remind him of it after we were safe in port.

The ship, for an old vessel, was in first-class condition. Every sail bent on her heavy spars was new, and as strong as hemp and steel could make it.

I noticed that the great albatross continued to make visits in the vicinity of the quarter-deck, and I noted the effect on Enoch Moss. This amused me greatly.

"Shall I shoot it?" I asked, as the great creature poised a few feet above us and stared hard.

"What's the use?" said the skipper. "It's doing no harm." And I could tell by the tone of his voice that he would give half the ship's value rather than have it done.

The mates watched the bird, and the watch on deck found time to remark its presence; but O'Toole stopped all gossip among the men as to its movements by giving some

sharp orders that sent the idlers about the deck with plenty to do.

As the day wore on the stillness of the sea continued, and now, as it is getting dark, I am writing again for something to do. There is a heavy bank rising in the southeast, and it looks as if we were to catch it heavily. The ship is down to her lower topsails, and the mate's watch has just turned in with orders to stand by for a call. While I write, I hear a deep moaning in the distance——

I don't know why I should come below here and write except that putting my thoughts on paper seems to make them lighter. We are plunging into a giant sea, and the roar of the hurricane on deck is almost deafening. It struck us just as I was on my way to the deck to see what the sound meant. In ten minutes it was as black as midnight, and roaring away with a deep, booming, thunderous sound as it tore through the rigging.

It is now seven bells (half-past eleven), and I have been on deck hours soaking wet from the rain and drift. William tried to get me below, but the wildness of the black void

around me was too attractive. He then started below to get me some brandy, but a sea struck him as he reached the main-deck. That was the last of a good and noble servant. Fate was kind in making his end easy, for he disappeared to leeward instantly, and I stood a long time looking into the black, roaring ocean that swallowed him up.

I wonder how it is in that vast black void beneath us. Somehow the only feeling I think I will suffer will be one of loneliness in the black abyss. This is, of course, absurd; but when I look into the roaring, churning, smother that rushes and thunders upon the black surface, showing great areas of white in the darkness, this is the one feeling that possesses me. Overhead the fierce flares and booming thunder seem almost companionable to the utter and vast silence of the great void beneath. I stand and gaze into the blackness, and somehow I feel a relief. It is like a great load being lifted from me. I don't understand it, unless it is the end of everything—of everything to me. I do not, apparently, care, unless it is for it, for the feeling is one of such relief I would

be sorry to see the same dull to-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow, recurring again and again with all its monotony. But the lonesomeness of the roaring blackness holds my spirits in check. I hear a tremendous crash forward as I write, and I think I distinguish the bull-like voice of Enoch Moss above the gale. He is a great captain, and if he loses his ship it will be through no fault of his, I hear him bawling my name down the companion——

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According to the date of the last entry in this diary, or log-book,—call it what you will,—the paper must have been submerged for several days. The ink had run much, but by great care it was kept readable. This was owing in a measure to the care of Captain Benton, who ran into the wreckage of the "Pharos" some two hundred miles to the southward of the Cape. The top of the after-cabin had held together and floated off whole, penning a number of articles of cabin furniture under it. Captain Benton hove the "Northern Light" to and lowered a boat, and by dint of great exertion he extracted

many articles of clothing, together with this book, from between the forward bulkhead and cabin-deck. The "Pharos" had evidently been dismasted, and had probably foundered shortly afterwards with her entire crew.

When this book of notes reached the States, the English nobleman—referred to as Lord Esterbrook in these pages—had started on an extended wedding trip. In a letter he expressed his willingness to have the notes published with the names as they are.

THE END.